

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

THE case of the street car conductors is not one for hasty judgment. Pending a full hearing of the evidence, the public are not in a position to jump to the conclusion that the men arrested were either conspirators or were the victims of conspiracy. But supposing that these men are guilty of using "diggers" to open the company's safe boxes, as charged, it is well to remember that they are not the only ones who stand arraigned in this case. The detectives and their methods are also on trial. The law may not recognize that this is so, but public opinion will. It is always a poor defence for an accused person to say "So-and-So tempted me and I fell." It is a poor defence because it admits guilt at the outset. It is the same defence as Adam advanced in the Garden of Eden, which did not save him from punishment, though it was undeniably true. But if the fact of temptation and the manner of the temptation are not matters for the law to consider, they will nevertheless be weighed, together with the other evidence, by the public. It was doubtless necessary to employ foreign detectives in this case, if it was necessary to employ detectives at all. But these gentry from the United States bear none too high a reputation in Canada—or, for that matter, in their own country. Canadians say something of their methods in the Napanee bank robbery case. They will be on trial at the bar of public opinion in this case, as they were in that. And those who employ them cannot escape responsibility for their deeds. What the public wants to know is not merely whether the street car conductors under arrest were guilty of robbing the fare boxes, but also the share of the detectives, if any, in that guilt. The latter fact may have in the eyes of the law no bearing on the former, and in the eyes of the law doubtless should have none. But it has a very direct bearing on the credit of foreign detective agencies sometimes employed in this country. And that is a matter with which every free Canadian citizen, who might under conceivable circumstances be charged with the commission of crime, is somewhat concerned. We don't want Yankee detectives, of either the Pinkerton or any other brand, to come into Canada and school our citizens in crime. Toronto's street car employees taken altogether, are a pretty fine lot. If the men now under arrest are guilty it is a thousand pities that they have brought suspicion on hundreds of innocent men who are both hard-working and honest.

AMONG the resolutions discussed in the Toronto Conference is one permitting women to occupy places in the church courts. The whole discussion was fairly well summed up by Rev. C. O. Johnston, who said that "there was no sex in Christianity, in spirituality, in justice or in purity. This was not a physical conference. They were not there on account of their size. It was a spiritual and mental conference. The fact that the women were not asking for admission to the Conference was a proof of their modesty, but because they did not ask their rights should not be withheld. The Church had already conceded the principle, and now it must adopt the practice and say to the women, 'Come and sit in the highest courts with us for God and humanity!'"

There is something to the following effect, "Let your women keep silence in the churches." This probably meant the church courts or conferences, whichever they called them in the old days—probably neither; but aside from this point, which seems to have been regarded as unimportant, the contention "that there is no sex in Christianity, in spirituality, in justice or in purity," would apply to several other things. There is no sex in law, in medicine, and though women have been admitted into these professions they have not been a distinguished success. The general displacement of so many men in business pursuits is not generally regarded as fortunate. The admission of women to the bar has not resulted in the appointment of female judges or of women jurors, and it is to be hoped never will. The charmingly emotional nature of a woman, it seems to me, unfit her for a judicial position; and unless we hope that the New Woman who is being developed by these enlarged spheres of her activity will be deprived of much of that which men mostly admire in her sex, it must be contended that church as well as other courts would be better without her. The argument that churches are mostly maintained by women does not prove that they would be more attractive either to men or women if they became dominant in their management. The fact that masculinity has been so largely eliminated from the preaching and services of the Church, by the superiority in numbers of women in each organization, may partially account for the general complaint of the comparative absence of men from religious meetings. It must also be remembered that the women of the churches have organizations of their own, always energetically but not always wisely conducted.

The management of charitable institutions by women is often open to criticism, and though they are exceedingly helpful—absolutely necessary—in carrying out works of mercy, the managerial part of their nature is certainly not as well developed as the sympathetic. On hospital boards, for instance, where the work necessarily involves strict discipline and the least possible interference, they have seldom proved the success that was predicted. I am one of the old-fashioned sort that believes that woman has her sphere, and that it is not, except in matters relating purely to women and children, in the position of either a judge or a juror.

COMPLAINT was made at the Toronto Methodist Conference of the dearth of young men for the ministry. Rev. Dr. Henderson made reference to a call from the West for forty-seven probationers, and Rev. Dr. Langford rose to say that it was unfair that the West should ask for so many young men when the Toronto Conference itself was suffering for want of young men. He pointed out that the great difficulty the Stationing Committee were at present facing was that of supplying the charges in the newer districts of Ontario with young men. A number of charges had been forced to take married men, and still there was need of several to fill the charges.

The difficulty in which the Methodist Church finds itself is not peculiar to that body alone. Complaint has frequently been heard from theological schools that fewer young men of a desirable sort are now offering themselves for the ministry than formerly. Other callings, with the opportunities they present of attaining wealth and fame, entice the Church in the competition for ambitious and forceful men, although there is no profession in which the rewards are so sure or more pleasant than those of the clerical calling. The disturbed and anomalous position of the whole Christian Church in trying to adjust itself to new conditions of society and of human knowledge, has doubtless much to do with the indifference of young men. The best minds are less willing than formerly to bind themselves to a hard and fast theology, for the world has moved more rapidly than the churches have been able or willing to revise their creeds. But the particular difficulty complained of by the Rev. Dr. Langford is that there are not enough young men for the weak stations which are unable to support married men. Why should there be any such difficulty if the churches were willing to meet one

another in a brotherly spirit and arrange some plan of cooperation in the newer districts, in place of the harmful and wasteful competition that now obtains? There are hundreds of small places, not only in New Ontario, where the pinch has been chiefly felt, but in Old Ontario as well, where two or three branches of the Church have planted themselves and are hanging on in the hope of taking root, although the soil is not sufficient to decently nourish more than one congregation. If this state of affairs were altered it would not be necessary to send single men or none to these outposts of Christianity. The young preacher could get married and become the head of a family without feeling that he was handicapping not only himself and his charge, but endangering the work itself. Any system which puts a premium upon a man's remaining single is a bad system for the man and for the country. Of all men the young minister, going in and out amongst all sorts and conditions of people in a newly settled region, should be married and have the aims and interests of a married man.

While on a recent visit to the Canadian North-West, I had many opportunities of observing the competition between churches in small prairie and mountain villages. No matter how small the place or how isolated, nearly every settlement had two or three or four churches. Take the village of Banff in the National Park, for instance. Its population is about 220; it has an Anglican, a Methodist, a Presbyterian and a Catholic church; there is no neighboring population to assist in maintaining them, the tourist season alone being the only unusual period of activity, and that lasts for about three months. On enquiry I found that there were two Catholics resident in the village, yet they have a church, seldom open, it is true, but representing a tax upon the resources of people who pay liberally for religious purposes. The Methodists and Presbyterians hold service alternately in their churches, the same congrega-

tion of running privileges for the Intercolonial Railway; if it is to become a Mackenzie and Mann road and thus pass into the control of the aggressive and irrepressible "Jim" Hill.

THE departure from Canada of the Governor-General, the Premier of the Dominion, the Premiers of the provinces, six hundred soldiers, and many prominent men for the Coronation, seems very much like one of those mediaeval processions where the lord and the squire and the men-at-arms set forth from the feudal duchy to hail the coming to the throne of a new king. It would be almost ridiculous in its extravagant demonstration of loyalty were it not that so many important questions are to be discussed at the Coronation Conference. Even remembering this phase of the episode, I cannot reconcile my somewhat democratic belief to the sending of six hundred men in the helmets, the doublets and the small clothes of military magnificence to parade in London, after so many Canadians have recently demonstrated their valor and loyalty on the battlefields of South Africa. However, passing over this peculiarity of the sailing away of our head men and their henchmen, which was no doubt done by request of the Home authorities, I would like to suggest a test to which our soldiers could be put while in the capital of the Empire. Colonel Pellatt and his men while not otherwise busy should march on that institution known as the Canada Club in London, and suppress it. That is their particular mission if they have any except to lend grandeur, as they undoubtedly will, to perhaps the most magnificent pageant of modern times. This Canada Club apparently has no connection with Canada, except that an official from the office of the High Commissioner in London is regarded as the secretary. As a recent despatch to the "Globe" said, "The report of their recent banquet showed those in at-

but if after the people having voted \$133,500 in order that new buildings might be provided this year, the Fair is obliged to open its grounds torn up and in buildings unfinished or partly demolished, someone should be brought to book. There is even yet time to get the work done if a determined effort is made, but in matters of this sort the people have given up looking for anything but determined procrastination. In the matter of the Public school estimates, the Council, at Mayor Howland's bidding, is fighting a legal battle in which it is certain to lose and the only result of which can be to saddle heavy costs upon the city. The School Board, though undoubtedly within its rights in seeking to collect the full amount of its estimates, has shown little disposition to be reasonable, and its action in closing up one of the schools in order to force the Council's hand, was melodramatic, probably unnecessary, and puts the Board in the wrong. All of which goes to show how fearfully we are misgoverned.

NOW that the Boards of Trade Conference is a thing of the past, it is interesting to look back over the work of this remarkable gathering. That it was a success in bringing together representatives of the mercantile interests of almost every section of the Dominion and in eliciting a free expression of opinion on some of the big questions pressing for consideration and settlement, is undeniable. The debates were carried on in an admirable spirit of toleration, and with great terseness and animation. There was none of the wearisome wordiness characteristic of Parliamentary discussion, and yet the conference gave scope for the expression of many shades of opinion, and in the end the views of the speakers had been as forcibly and fully presented as they could have been had three weeks instead of three days been consumed. Mr. A. E. Ames, as presiding officer, made a record and a name for himself in a sphere not entirely new to him, yet in which he was not supposed to be a specialist. If Mr. Ames were in Parliament he would assuredly dignify the Speaker's chair. His tact and firmness, combined with good nature and brevity in stating his rulings, contributed immensely to the success of the convention in covering such a large field of discussion in so brief a time.

The principal resolutions adopted, some without discussion and unanimously, others after considerable debate and upon division, were to the following effect:

That the postage on British newspapers and periodicals addressed to Canada be lowered to the domestic rate, as has been done in the case of letters.

That Great Britain can best serve the interests of the Empire by giving colonial products a preference over foreign products, and that Sir Wilfrid Laurier urge at the Imperial Conference the appointment of a Royal Commission, composed of representatives from Great Britain and the colonies, to investigate and suggest such preferential treatment as will insure the fullest benefits.

That the British import duty on agricultural produce be arranged so that a preference be given to imports from the colonies.

Side by side with these resolutions may be placed the one on Imperial defence, passed at a later stage of the proceedings, but intimately related to the question of preferential trade: "That in the opinion of this conference it is the duty of this Dominion, as an important division of the Empire, to share in the cost of the defence of said Empire, and therefore that an annual appropriation should be provided in the Dominion budget for this purpose, to be expended as the Dominion Government may direct."

That Canada should retaliate on all countries maintaining hostile tariffs against the Dominion.

That to encourage the importation of British goods via Canadian ports the preferential rebate of 33 1/3 per cent. be limited to 25 per cent. on all goods shipped by way of United States ports.

That the Premier be urged to negotiate for the removal of the British embargo on the importation of Canadian live cattle.

That a Canadian depot of exhibition, presided over by business experts, superintended by a man of comprehensive knowledge of Canadian products, be established in London.

That the policy adopted in regard to a State-owned cable from Canada to Australia be extended to give a complete line of British cables round the world.

That the Premier and his colleagues take up with the Law-officers of the Crown in England the right of Canada to make its own laws on the subject of copyright, without which its rights as a self-governing colony are incomplete.

That in order to develop the mineral resources of the Dominion, the usual subsidies both from the Dominion and the respective Provincial Governments should be granted to mineral colonization railways.

That a properly constituted railway commission should be created, with power to deal with any questions affecting the relations of all common carriers to the people.

That the canals between Montreal and Lake Erie and the channel between Montreal and the seaboard should be deepened.

That Government assistance to the shipbuilding industry is much needed and would be of benefit to the country at large.

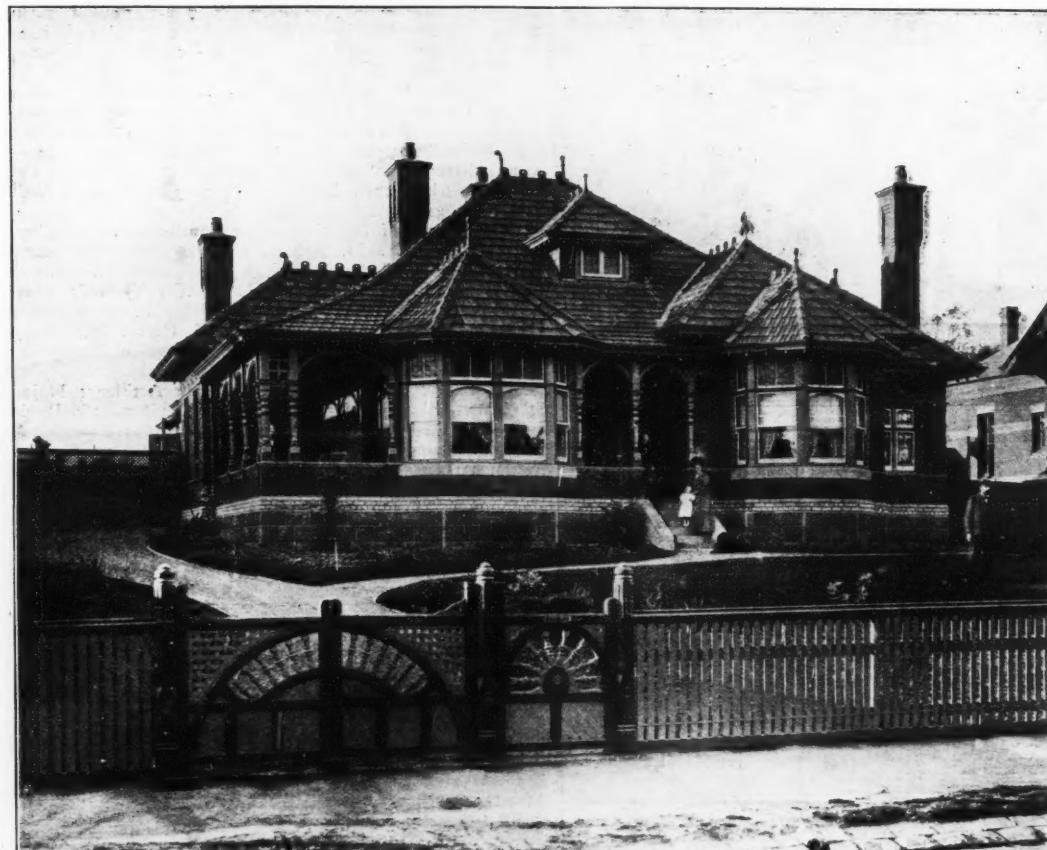
That the Dominion should enact an insolvency law after conferring with the provinces.

That the Federal Government should grant all necessary assistance towards the building up and proper equipment of Canadian national ports.

That the representatives at the Colonial Conference bring up the question of discriminatory marine insurance rates against the St. Lawrence route.

That the adoption of the metric system would benefit Canadian trade and industry.

Here is a pretty big programme, but perhaps not as formidable as it looks. Some of the resolutions manifestly affirm only an ideal or principle which it is desirable to keep in view, though not immediately within reach. Many of them have to do with matters outside of Canadian jurisdiction and with which the Imperial authorities must deal, or upon which joint action of the self-governing portions of the Empire is alone possible. On such matters as Imperial newspaper postage, preferential treatment of the agricultural exports of the colonies, the removal of the cattle embargo, the copyright question, the British Government and people have the final word. But that is no reason why Canada should not urge her opinions in the very strongest terms. On the contrary, it affords the best reason why we should lose no opportunity of influencing the mind of the British public and British public men. The resolutions of the Boards of Trade Conference are therefore perfectly in order, although these matters are outside the range of Canadian legislation. The cable question is one that must be dealt with jointly by the several Governments of the Empire. On the other hand, reciprocity in tariffs, the building up of Canadian shipping and Canadian ports, the establishing of a permanent Canadian exhibition in London, the subsidizing of mineral railways, the creation of a railway commission, the adoption of the metric system—and several other matters dealt with in the re-



A CANADIAN'S VILLA IN AUSTRALIA.

(See p. 2.)

tion going to both. The Anglicans are building an architecturally beautiful and financially expensive little edifice, which is only partially completed, the front being unbuilt and boarded up so that the church can be used. Every wealthy tourist is shown this unfinished church and either directly or indirectly invited to contribute to its completion. The tourist may never be in Banff again, but generally can be relied upon for from twenty-five to a hundred dollars. If anything justifies the use of the word "parasite," applied the other day by an Anglican clergyman of Ottawa to another denomination, it would seem to me to be this method of church building—a method which in Canada, it is to the credit of the Church of England, is seldom practiced, except by those over-zealous clergymen who go to England and beg money for the completion and sustenance of their individual churches. Those who minister to the wants of such churches as those in Banff are course miserably paid, mostly out of mission funds. One earnest and well-paid pastor could be supported by the village, and would do much more good than the dispirited and travel-worn men who ride long distances to speak to small congregations at starvation wages. It does not seem to me material, either in the East or the West, whether the world-worn human being pursues the Methodist, the Baptist, the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, the Congregational or the Catholic trail towards the gate of heaven, so long as he can be persuaded to walk therein; and if this view of it were taken there would be fewer hard words between competitive religious denominations, and more kind

tendencies were neither Canadians in fact nor in sentiment." The Right Honorable Mr. Pirrie, M.P. for an Ulster constituency, was the leading speaker of the evening; and as he is one of the principal stockholders of the great Belfast shipping yard, he monopolized so large a place at the annual banquet in defending the Morganizing of the trans-Atlantic shipping interests, that he aroused even the dull perceptions as to Canada of all the great London dailies. The newspapers were astounded that this North of Ireland shipping magnate should have a place at a Canada Club banquet to explain why he had joined hands with Morgan. As one of the great London dailies put it, "with the chink of American gold in his pocket," Mr. Pirrie undertook at the so-called Canada Club to make his defence for this wholesale sacrifice of Imperial interests. Worse still, there was no one at the banquet to rise up and denounce Mr. Pirrie or the Morgan outfit for their attempted coercion of Canada and the damage that they are doing to our immigration interests. That his firm has agreed with Morgan not to build ships for the period of ten years for other than the Morgan interest, seemed to pass with those at the banquet as neither an extraordinary nor an improper compact. And this, too, at a "Canada Club!" Surely it would be in Canada's interest for our Coronation contingent to make a demonstration showing that everything which bears the name of Canada is not Canadian.

THE old-fashioned barn-raising as a man-slayer "can't be beat." The list of fatal accidents reported this summer at "raisings" is a long one, and it is growing. Those who have ever lived in the country and attended a raising do not need to be told how it happens. The neighbors for miles around come to help a farmer who has decided that he needs a new barn. The men choose sides and there is a race to get up the bents. The inevitable result is haste and carelessness. Some part of the structure gives way, because improperly secured, and falls, crushing out the life of some poor fellow and perchance maiming others. Then the jollity that reigns at every sort of "bee" in the country is turned to mourning. All these accidents are due to the foolish practice of choosing sides and racing. It is a good thing for neighbors in the country to lend one another a hand in the larger operations of farming, but the barn-raising as at present almost universally conducted is a menace to useful lives.

WITH good prospects of a bungle in the new Exhibition buildings and with a deadlock between the Council and the Public School Board over the estimates, the people of Toronto are not in a position to congratulate themselves on the way in which the city's business is managed. At the Exhibition grounds it is the old story of the City Hall and the St. Lawrence market over again. The worst of it is that the responsibility cannot be

solutions adopted by the conference are all details of domestic policy.

On the majority of the resolutions there was a surprising unanimity. The question of contributing to Imperial defence alone developed a marked cleavage of opinion and gave rise to prolonged debate. So numerous and diverse were the views of the delegates that only by a species of closure, limiting the speeches in the latter end of the discussion to three minutes, was a division brought about. And even then, the resolution favoring an annual appropriation to be expended by the Dominion authorities was only carried by the narrow margin of ten. The diversity of opinion on this question is not surprising, but there is no reason why the resolution should not have been unanimously carried, for it only affirms as a principle what is actually the practice at present, the annual militia vote being in reality an appropriation for Imperial defence, and being also entirely expended under Canadian direction. But the advocates of the resolution had something further than this in mind. With public opinion so divided as it would seem to be from the voice of the delegates, it is evident that in this matter the cautious course of the Laurier Administration has been much more representative of average Canadian feeling than the panicky policy of the more extreme Imperialists, who would have pledged Canada to some stipulated annual contribution to a central defence fund. The wise and safe course would seem to be to relieve the British tax-payer as far as possible and as soon as possible of the burden of colonial defence. To that course every self-respecting Canadian will not hesitate to subscribe.



At two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon the marriage of Miss Ada Hilda Richardson and Doctor J. Franklin Dawson was celebrated before a church full of the invited friends of the bride and groom and many others who took an interest in such a pretty event. For it was a dainty and attractive bride indeed who was led to the altar by Dr. Torrington, who acted as "father" to the bride and gave her away. Miss Richardson having no relatives in this country. Dr. Dawson's best man was Mr. George Ashworth, and Dr. Bowie and Mr. James McKenna were ushers. Miss Dawson, in pale blue, with bouquet of Marechal Niel roses, attended her sister-in-law-elect, and Miss Nora Moon and Miss Edith Jolliffe were two young and pretty maidens in white frocks, carrying baskets of pink and white flowers. Miss Richardson's bridal gown was of white chiffon, beautifully applique with shirred white lace ribbons over taffeta slip, her veil was of tulle, and a crown of lily of the valley was worn. Miss Richardson is graceful and rather tall, with very pretty fair hair, and her simple and perfectly fitting robe became her to a nicely. She carried white roses and wore pearls and diamonds. Rev. Arthur Baldwin performed the ceremony, which was choral, and the surprised choir, with Mr. Fairclough at the organ, did their part excellently. During the signing of the register Miss Eileen Millett sang a very sweet and touching bridal prayer, which was much appreciated by the waiting congregation. A few friends followed the bride and groom to their new home, 494 Spadina avenue, where an informal reception was held. Dr. and Mrs. Dawson left on the afternoon train for New York, the bride going away in a smart traveling costume of grey cloth and a toque to match.

On Wednesday Mrs. Campbell of Carbrook gave a very pleasant garden party which was attended by a number of friends, and the invitations were also extended to the clergy attending the Synod, several of whom were to be seen enjoying the hospitalities of one of Toronto's handsome homes. The Queen's Park is rapidly being filled up in the neighborhood of Carbrook with wonderful fine houses, but the solid old white brick mansion sits serenely in the shade of its great trees and surrounded by lawn space to isolate it from its neighbors enough to give it quite a sylvan charm. Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Leighton McCarthy and Miss Campbell received out of doors, and the usual refreshments were served "al fresco." Some of the guests were Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Miss Elsie Bankes, Sir Thomas and Lady Taylor, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Canon and Mrs. Welch, Rev. Mr. Welch, sr. (who is out from England on a visit to his son, the Canon), Archdeacon and Mrs. Boddy and Mrs. Lapham who is visiting her parents; Dr. and Mrs. Albert Ham and their guest, Mr. J. Knighton Chase; Mrs. Beecher and Miss Macleod, Mr. and Mrs. A. Dickson Patterson, Mr. Frank Darling, Dr. Armstrong Black, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Yarker, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion, Mrs. and Miss Hagarty, Professor and Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Arthur Sprague, Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. H. S. Strathy, Mrs. Mowat, Mr. Kirkpatrick of Coolmine, Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenelg.

Mrs. Larratt Smith is giving a tea at Summerhill this afternoon. Mrs. H. H. Cook is also giving a large tea at Ardincloch, Dowling avenue, in commemoration of the landing of the U. E. Loyalists at Adolphustown, June 1784. If any one is wishful of attending both of these teas they will have to spend most of the time on the way, as Dr. Larratt Smith's beautiful rustic home is in the neighborhood of the Reservoir and Mr. Cook's at the foot of a remote avenue in Parkdale!

The principal of St. Margaret's and Mr. Dickson had a garden party yesterday from 4:30 to 7 o'clock in honor of the Moderator and Commissioners of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. On Monday, June 23, the same hospitable hosts will give an evening reception at St. Margaret's from 8 to 11 o'clock, and on the next afternoon at 3. The presentation of prizes takes place in the College Hall.

Yesterday afternoon the lady principals of Westbourne School gave an At Home from 4:30 to 6:30 o'clock at the school, 340 Bloor street west. The progress of Westbourne School is quite unique.

Mrs. Henry Helm of Prospect House, Port Hope, is visiting Dr. and Mrs. R. Percy Vivian at their pretty home in Barrie.

Mrs. Ramsay Wright is convalescing from an attack of appendicitis, at the Arlington, Cobourg. Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright will go shortly to Nova Scotia, where the professor is to pursue some interesting scientific researches.

The engagement of Miss Doreen Dent, daughter of Colonel Dent of Yorkshire, England, and Mr. Reginald Brock of the Queen's Park is announced.

Little Misses Ethel and Helen ("Wee-Wee") Strickland, daughters of Mr. Harry Strickland, held their annual birthday party at 4 Kew Beach on Wednesday evening. Six and eight years ago last Wednesday the stork left the little maids in town. The guests who celebrated the dual anniversary were Misses Clare Demson, Marjory and Mary Kirkpatrick, Gladys Dixon, Marjorie Lloyd, Irene Dennis, Elsie Featherstonhaugh, and Masters Peter and Gordon Lamson. George Kirkpatrick, Beryl Reed and Goldie Kirkpatrick.

Presentation of Colors.

Daughters of Empire Journey to Quebec to Present Departing Coronation Contingent With a Flag.

On last Thursday evening, June 12th, a party of ladies, the officers of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, set out for Quebec, carrying with them the colors presented by the Order to the Coronation contingent, which were to be delivered to Colonel Pellatt by Mrs. Nordheimer, president of the Order, after the inspection by General O'Grady-Haly, G.O.C. of the troops selected for the honor of attending the Coronation of King Edward the Seventh in London. Mr. William Mackenzie had placed his private car at the disposal of the ladies, and their departure was witnessed by a party of friends, most of whom would gladly have joined them. Everything was most generously arranged for the comfort of the travelers and in due time they arrived at Quebec, where they were entertained at five o'clock tea by Colonel Evansdale at the headquarters and welcomed by everyone with great cordiality. The presentation took place on the Esplanade before the camp, and was most gracefully made by Mrs. Nordheimer, who was admired by everyone for her gentle and refined manner and her very attractive personal appearance. She wore a very handsome white gown and bonnet to match. The contingent formed a hollow square within which the ladies were grouped. Mrs. John Bruce held the colors, while Mrs. Nordheimer delivered the following neat little presentation speech:

"Colonel Pellatt, officers and men of the Coronation Contingent—I have the greatest pleasure in presenting you with this flag in the name of the Canadian National Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire. It will serve as an emblem for this contingent and as a mark of the highest esteem in which you, as representing the militia and volunteers of Canada, are held by your countrymen. It bears, as you see, the revered flag of the Empire, the 'Union Jack,' while close to it is one of the emblems of Canada, dear to us all, the 'Maple Leaf.' You have the honor of representing the militia and volunteers of Canada at the Coronation of His Majesty King Edward VII, and we hope you will convey to His Most Gracious Majesty the assurance of the deep loyalty and devotion of the women and children of this Order to the Throne. I will now wish you one and all a very happy visit to old England, feeling assured that each visit interchanged between the Mother Land and her colonies strengthens the tie of deep love which firmly binds these great countries to each other."

Colonel Pellatt accepted the flag with the following apt acknowledgment: "I thank you, ladies, on behalf of the



A halt in Lower Canada.

officers and men of the contingent, for the very handsome flag you have presented to us. I think it a beautiful idea that the ladies of Canada should send away their soldiers to the Coronation with their colors to the front, and that the sons of Canada should parade in England under the flag of the Daughters of the Empire. We shall not forget in London to point with pride and pleasure to this emblem of our loyalty and tell our hosts over there that our mission to the King's Coronation is from the ladies as well as from the Government of Canada."

With three cheers for the King, the contingent re-formed in line, and headed by the Q.O.R. bugle band, marched back to their camp at Levis, where by all accounts they had had a damp and cheerless time of it during the preceding week. The ladies were invited to dinner at the Chateau Frontenac the same evening by Colonel Pellatt, where the officers of the contingent, in handsome mess uniforms, and our Toronto women in their smartest frocks, met Colonel and Madame Evansdale, Mrs. Benyon, wife of Colonel Benyon, and a few others. The banquet was set for fifty guests and the table was simply lovely, done in the most ethereal apple blossoms and scores of small flags. Mrs. Pellatt wore a superb white gown, with the modish touches of black so much in favor. The Toronto guests were: Mrs. and Miss Nordheimer of Glenelg, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. H. S. Strathy, Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. A. E. R. Land, Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Miss Constance Bouton, and Miss Mabel Hellwell. The ladies enjoyed the affair greatly and it will long be a brilliant memory to all who were present. The various stunning uniforms of the officers, the many smart and pretty women, the beautiful flowers, the handsome room and the perfect service, combined to achieve for Colonel Pellatt's hospitality a unique success. On Saturday



Mrs. Nordheimer addressing Colonel Pellatt.

day morning the ladies drove about to places of interest and boarded their fine car to return to Toronto about 1 p.m., and reached here safely on Sunday morning.

Several good speeches were made at the dinner on Friday evening, Colonel Pellatt being particularly happy in his remarks upon the Imperial Order as follows: "A word of appreciation for the general object of this excellent society will not be out of place. In Canada we are rapidly developing a patriotism as broad as the Empire and as deep, let us hope, as the seas over which Britannia rules. For the women of our country to encourage this sentiment is indeed a noble task. For them to send us to the wars with brave but aching hearts, and to great and historic ceremonies, such as this Coronation, with joy and Godspeed, will aid each man in the latter as in the former case to do his duty. To us is entrusted that pearl beyond price—our country's reputation, higher now than ever since the brave deeds of our comrades in South Africa, and our best efforts will be put forth to keep it safe and bright, so that the men of Canada,

and her patriotic daughters too, may be proud of their representatives in peace as in war. I know that I may speak also for every member of the contingent, officers and men alike, in expressing not only our appreciation, but also our most sincere gratitude to you, for the trouble to which you have put yourselves, and for the compliment and honor shown to our Canadian soldiers—for we, of course, recognize that it is in our representative capacity that you are thus honoring the contingent. In the name, then, of the militia of Canada, whom this contingent is to represent at

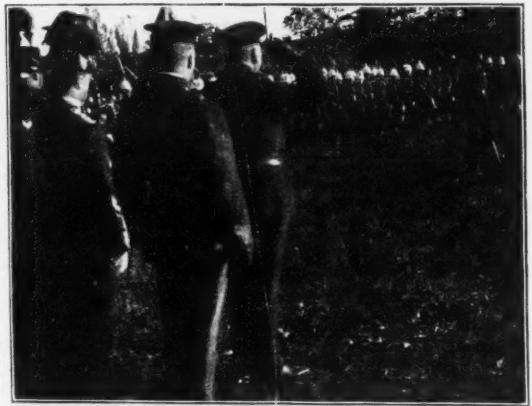


Lieutenant Alec Mackenzie, 48th Highlanders, and part of the square.

the coming celebration, I beg to express to the Daughters of the Empire our most grateful acknowledgment and thanks."

I am told that Colonel Turner, V.C., who was with Major Forester in South Africa, and experienced many kindnesses there at his hands, has been in his turn most thoughtful and generous in kindness to Major Forester, who is, I hear, his cabin mate in a very nice cabin, by Colonel Turner's special arrangement. As Major Forester left here in the first grief at the loss of his wife, this comradeship and consideration will be specially appreciated. "In Africa," said the V.C., "Forester was good to me—I would share his meagre ration or his last smoke, and I'm glad things have turned about that I may show him I don't forget his generosity over there."

The officers of the Coronation contingent are: Lieutenant-Colonel H. M. Pellatt, commandant; Lieutenant-Colonel A. T. Thompson, 37th Regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel R. E. W. Turner, V.C., D.S.O., Queen's Own Royal Canadian Hussars; Surgeon-Major E. Fiset, Army Medical Corps; Surgeon-Major M. C. Curry, 66th Regiment; Major W. Forester, Royal Canadian Dragoons; Major J. A. Northrup, King's Canadian Hussars; Major H. A. Panet, adjutant, Royal Canadian Artillery; Major Stephens, 3rd Field Artillery; Major Davison, 4th Regiment Prince Edward Island Garrison Artillery; Major Cronin, 7th Regiment Fusiliers, London; Major Mackie, 42nd Regiment; Captain J. A. Benyon, Royal Canadian Artillery; Captain Courtney, Strathcona's Horse; Captain P. H. Ramay, Canadian Mounted Rifles; Inspector Cartwright, North-West Mounted Police; Captain Laliberte, 1st Field Battery; Captain Morris, D.S.O., 2nd Field Battery; Captain Martin, 5th Regiment British Columbia



General O'Grady-Haly receiving the Salute during the March Past.

Garrison Artillery; Captain F. A. Howard, North-West Mounted Police; Captain Fraser, 53rd Regiment; Captain Dunlop, 42nd Regiment; Lieutenant H. E. Emmerson, 8th Hussars; Lieutenant A. W. Mackenzie, 48th Highlanders; Lieutenant Lemieux, 6th Regiment. Some of their fellow passengers on the "Parisian" are Mr. Beardmore of Chelmsford, Mrs. Clare FitzGibbon, Dr. and Mrs. C. A. E. Harris of Earlscliffe, Ottawa. The vice-Regal party, including His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, Lady Ruby Elliot, and Mr. Sladen, private secretary, are also on the "Parisian." Captain Lethbridge of Halifax, Mr. Lansing Lewis of Montreal, Miss Grace Lowrie of Quebec, Judge Macdonald, Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Peters of Charlottetown, Dr. George Parkin, Mrs. Harry Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Nelles of Montreal, Hon. George and Mrs. Murray of Halifax, Hon. J. L. and Mrs. Tweedie of Fredericton, and the gentlemen of the Westminster Abbey choir are also on the passenger list.

A Canadian's Villa in Australia.

The cut on the front page represents the villa of Mr. J. T. Turton, secretary-treasurer of the Massey-Harris Company in Australia. It is situated on the Riverside road in one of the prettiest suburbs of the city of Melbourne, overlooking the valley of the Upper Yarra. The photograph was sent to "Saturday Night" by Mr. J. S. Larke, Canadian Trade Commissioner to Australia.

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"There is only one reason," he said, "why I have never asked you to be my wife." "What is that?" she asked. "I have always been half afraid you might refuse." "Well," she whispered, after a long silence, "I should think you'd have curiosity enough to want to find out whether your suspicion was well founded or not."

"Uncle William, are you troubled about the hereafter?" "No, suh; it's de wharf' er de herein what keeps me guessin'!"—Atlanta "Constitution."

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Social and Personal.

Last week began the summer garden parties which are always sprinkled through the dull months of the warm weather, not that warm weather has as yet been vouchsafed to us, for in the middle of June we are wearing fur collars and flannels in great comfort. However, on the afternoon on which Mrs. Morris and Miss Theodora Kirkpatrick of Coolmine invited friends to tea it was a sort of half and half day, neither cold nor sunshine prevailing, and a certain risk being felt by the most optimistic in setting a tea-table "en plein air." The fates were kind, and the tea passed off with good deal of success, a large party of ladies and gentlemen being on hand at five o'clock. The hostesses, grandmother and grand-daughter, received in the drawing-room, and each party of guests was soon back upon the lawn to make way for later comers. There was ping-pong under the spreading trees, and here and there were laid rugs and set tete-a-tete chairs and rustic benches, where good friends might enjoy a cosy chat. Mr. Kirkpatrick and his sons, Alexis and Goldwin, with the pretty daughter-in-law, were most attentive to all the guests, for the old spirit of hospitality is strong at Coolmine and everyone feels well taken care of. The tea-table was quite pretty with lilacs, iris and ferns, and the lavender flower-tint was carried out in the icings and bonbons. A few of the guests were Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Mrs. John Ridout, Mrs. John Carruthers, Mrs. Sloane, Mrs. George Denison, Jr., Mrs. Edward Leigh, Mrs. Ralkees of Buffalo, who is her guest; Dr. and Mrs. Nattress, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Foster of Erlestcourt, Mrs. Chris Balnes, Mrs. Armour, Mrs. Jack Featherstonhaugh, Mr. Grant Ridout, Colonel Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. Miles, Mrs. Becher, Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Mrs. Sutherland Macklem, Mrs. G. P. Magann, Mrs. Angus Macdonell, Mrs. S. S. McDonell, Mr. Charles Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Creighton, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright, and a great many young folks.

On Saturday a charming day was vouchsafed to the Argonauts for their first summer At Home, and although, owing to the wise supervision of the committee, with the doubled price of tickets and the rule of no money being taken at the entrance, the crowd was not of its usual dimensions, I heard no regrets, for not only was it a much nicer crowd, but the dancing was pleasant and possible, instead of being, as usual, a survival of the fittest. There were not many "not-outs," and the usual delegations of school-girls were not as large as usual. There were only half a dozen chaperones, and both the wife of the president and of the vice-president were absent. Mr. Galt is in South Africa, and Major Greville-Harston reported Mrs. Greville-Harston's unfortunate indisposition. The result of the races gave the victory to a very good four, stroked by Mr. A. G. Ridout. During the afternoon the Henley eight rowed out, but found the water rather choppy, and went clipping up to the "cut," followed by the long-sentences and praises of several hundred fair creatures who await their showing in England with great anxiety. At the eighth dance the usual presentation of medals to the winning four and pins to Mr. Dudley Oliver's crew, who were second, was made, Mrs. A. E. Denison being asked, in the absence of Mrs. Greville-Harston, to perform that pleasant duty. Captain Barker made a modest speech about the Henley crew, and then dancing was continued, "as long as you like," as the genial major announced. Among those at the At Home were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Orlando Heron, Mrs. A. Huiek Garrett, Mr. Goulding, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Bright, Mrs. and Miss

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CHAPTER XVIII.

A Discovery.

Macaire was just in time, as it happened, to be of yeoman service, for the policeman, irritated that the other offenders had escaped, and not too kindly disposed towards a "busking" vagabond with a mask, had opened the vials of his wrath when the millionaire sauntered up.

"Look here, bobby," said he in the harsh voice which for some curious, occult reason seemed to have great power over the lower classes, "my name is Lionel Macaire. Perhaps you know it, and I give you my word that this young man is in no way to blame for what has happened. I saw the affair from the beginning, though unfortunately I was unable to interfere. One of these ruffians insulted a girl who was with him, singing, and this man defended her. Then all the others set upon him—five to one. He is a brave fellow, and ought to be praised instead of reprimanded."

The policeman was a reader of newspapers, and had known for years that the name of Lionel Macaire was financially one to conjure with. The millionaire had been pointed out to him also since the sensational affair at the Thespian Theater, and once having seen that frightful face it would be impossible to mistake it for another's.

Why a millionaire's word should be accepted more readily than a pauper's ought to be hard to explain; but such is human nature—even among policemen.

"All right, sir; if you say it's all right I suppose it is," this member of the force responded promptly. "I must do my duty, sir, that's all."

"Well, you have done it, and now it's over," said Macaire. At the same time he produced from his sovereign pocket two gold pieces; and though the man in blue honestly scorns bribes—in silver—he was not able to resist an offer of more than a week's salary, "all in one go," merely for taking a gentleman's word.

"This is a little taken that I appreciate your common sense and moderation," went on the millionaire; and then the two sovereigns changed hands. The policeman at that instant opportunely spying a motor-car which he thought might be going too fast, had the best of excuses for bestowing his presence where it was more needed; and with warning shouts of "Hi-ho!" to the oblivious motorist he went off at a run.

"Thank you, sir," said the masked minstrel, heartily, to Macaire. "You have saved me from a lot of bother, I'm sure." He spoke like a gentleman, but if he were English his accent suggested that he had lived for years out of his native country.

"On the contrary," returned the other in his most ingratiating manner, "it is for me to thank you for as pretty an exhibition of dash and skill as I've seen for some time. You can imagine that I don't refer entirely to your musical feats, though they were excellent, no doubt. But I'm no judge of music. I am, I flatter myself, a judge of most things in the athletic line, and if you'll allow me to say so, I wonder that you care to earn your living by your fingers when you might do it so much more effectively with your biceps and your fists."

The young man in the mask laughed frankly, and glanced down at his ruined banjo. "I did better work with this to-day than usual, perhaps," he said. "But it looks as if it had played its last tune. As for the talents you're good enough to think I possess, I've tried to make use of them since I came to England, but the market for muscles is apparently overstocked. Indeed, I tried several things before I began making a professional use of my banjo; but I can't afford to despise it, as it's been the best friend in the money-making line I've found in this country."

"All the worse for the country, then," responded the millionaire. "I hope, though, you're not so discouraged as to want to leave it and go back to your own—wherever that may be."

"I shan't leave it till I've done what I came to do," the young man answered, with a nonchalance which perhaps cloaked a deeper feeling. "Not if it takes me ten years."

"Oh, so you came to England with an object, eh?" enquired Macaire, in the good-natured way he could affect when he had a motive.

His motive now was to get this young athlete under his patronage, and match him against a certain champion who had gone about in a swaggering defiance of rivals long enough. It was something to have his thoughts taken off his galling failure with Walfred Gray, and he was pleased to find himself feeling so keen an interest in an alien subject.

"Don't most men travel with an object?" retorted the man with the mask. "There'd be no incentive to a lazy fellow, else. And for fear I go back to a condition of laziness I must be off, sir—thank you again for what you did for me."

"Stop a bit," ejaculated Macaire. "I've something to suggest to you. As you say, few men—that is, few men of brains like yours and mine—do things without an object. Now, I had an object in interfering in your interest with our friend in blue. It wasn't entirely a selfish one, perhaps, though partially so, I admit, and I should like to have a talk with you about it if you're so inclined. It might turn out to be for our mutual advantage."

Again the young man laughed. "You can guess that I'm open to offers, sir, if it's anything of that sort you mean."

"That's precisely what I do mean," announced the millionaire. "Look here, it's getting on towards one's dinner hour. Come with me. I'll get a private room, and we'll have a chop and a bottle of Burgundy together if you can spare the time."

"I've got more time than anything else just now," responded the masked

minstrel, lightly. "And I'm very much at your service."

They walked to the nearest good restaurant, forming a strange contrast; the tall young man with the black mask covering his face, the broken banjo in his hand; the stooped figure of the millionaire, with his hobbling limp and his scarred features.

There could hardly have been a more incongruous pair, and people they met turned to look after them. But Macaire either did not notice the attention he and his companion aroused, or was too independent of public opinion to care for it.

He was wondering whether the masked minstrel knew anything of him besides the name which he must have heard spoken when he had mentioned it to the policeman a few moments ago. He wondered whether the fellow was aware that he was walking beside one of the richest men in England—a man so rich that he could afford to do, say, look and wear exactly what he pleased.

Macaire hoped that the other did know all this, although, as he had apparently not long ago come to England, he might be in ignorance of his companion's importance. It would be awkward to call direct attention to it, especially as the millionaire was on his best behavior, endeavoring to appear a jolly, modest fellow, not too proud, despite his wealth and position, to hobnob with a nobody to whom he had happened to take a fancy.

Wishing to impress the minstrel in some quiet and unobtrusive way he took the best private room he could have, and, though it was too early in the day for him to work up an appetite for dinner, instead of the chop and bottle of Burgundy he had suggested he ordered an elaborate feast with plenty of champagne of his own favorite brand.

"Now," he remarked, when the horses appeared, "now is the time when you must cease to hide your light under a bushel, and throw off the mask—that is, unless you merely intend to look on while I eat my dinner."

"To a man who hasn't dined, but only eaten food, for some time, that would be too cruel an aggravation," returned the minstrel. "It is nothing more nor less than morbid self-consciousness—vanity, if you will, sir—that tempted me to pick my banjo from behind a screen. I don't intend to trouble you with my antecedents, but—people who were once dear to me would have been made unhappy if they could have known I was destined to get my living by 'busking' at the seaside; and I suppose I'm idiot enough to be ashamed, in a way, of what I've been doing—though I'm ashamed of myself, too, for being ashamed. But, anyhow, here goes the mask."

It had been tied behind his head, and as he talked he had been fumbling awkwardly—as men's unaccustomed fingers do fumble—with the knot. But the strings yielded at last and the mask suddenly fell, to show a dark, handsome, clear-cut face, with lips parted in a rather shy, boyish smile over a row of strong, perfect white teeth.

The minstrel's laughing brown eyes met those of the millionaire; and Lionel Macaire's boasted self-control came into play as he restrained a start of surprise.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" he asked, hiding all emotion.

As well as he knew his own strange antecedents did he know when and where he had seen that dark face before; but he did not wish the other to guess himself of enough importance to have been definitely remembered.

"Yes," the young man answered without an instant's hesitation. "At least I have seen you, sir, and I recollect it the moment you came up to me this afternoon, though I didn't suppose you'd noticed me particularly that other time."

"Where was it?" asked Macaire, "and when, if you can recall that?"

"I have some reason for recalling it," replied Hope Newcome. "I had a big disappointment that night. I'd been at the Duke of Clarence's Theater with an introduction from—an old friend of Mr. Anderson's, to him. I wanted a short engagement till I could get something else to do—merely as Charles the Wrestler in the production of 'As You Like It,' which was coming on. But, though I'm nearly six feet, Mr. Anderson has an inch or two the advantage of me, and thought it wouldn't do, I saw you coming out of the theater with him afterwards."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Macaire, as though suddenly enlightened. "Of course. How stupid of me. You were engaged—ha, ha!—in much the same occupation as I found you at to-day. A queer coincidence."

CHAPTER XIX.

Macaire's Proposition.

"You'll think me a very pugnacious person, sir," Hope Newcome said, flushing slightly under the clear, sunburnt olive of his skin—that kind of sunburn which does not wear away with years, unless in mortal illness. He did not use the word "sir" in addressing the millionaire as if he were kowtowing to a superior, but as though he, a young man, adopted it out of respect to one many years his senior. Though he had been seen fighting at stage-doors, and playing the banjo on Brighton beach, he had the air of simply unconsciously almost-taking it for granted that he was Macaire's equal.

And Macaire saw this, and was grimly amused by it, considering certain differences between them.

The shortest road to my regard, as far as that's concerned," responded Macaire, "is by being a pugnacious person," as you call it. If I hadn't thought you one through our acquaintance to-day we shouldn't be dining together now. And what I've just learnt only raises you in my estimation. I believe now that I even heard you speak to my friend Anderson that

night, and I am usually rather quick to recognize voices. But yours sounded differently when you spoke through your mask. By the way, as it happens, that was rather an eventful night for me, too."

He could not have told why he should volunteer the admission; but he let it come because he did not see that acting upon impulse could in this instance do any harm. And somehow he found himself oddly drawn towards the young fellow. There was a certain fascination about his strong, virile personality, which was augmented by the knowledge that this was he whom F. E. Z. had known, perhaps loved. Yet Macaire was far from sure whether the magnetic attraction he experienced was nearer to hate or affection. He only knew that he felt it, and desired to have a master hand over this young man's fate.

"I didn't know who you were that night, sir," Hope Newcome said. "But I remembered your face."

The corners of Macaire's mouth went down in a bitter sneer.

"That's because of my fatal beauty," he retorted, harshly. "I seldom find myself forgotten—even by pretty women. But I have more important things to talk of than personalities, and my ideas concerning you are in no way changed by the fact that we have met before. You tell me you wanted to play the wrestler on the stage. It has occurred to me that you might like to do so in good earnest, since that is your forte. Surely you haven't wasted those muscles of yours all your life? And as surely you've had training?"

"Oh, yes, I trained both as a wrestler and boxer," Newcome answered; "but I never intended to use the arts professionally. It was at a Western university in America where I first began to take a great interest in sport. I was in rather a sporting set, and I took the fancy of an old prize-fighter resting on his laurels, who lived in the town. He and a pal of theirs taught me everything I know, and they seemed to think me a decent sort of pup."

"Then, a year before I finished my college course, family affairs took me away from home. I lived a very different sort of life after that, but I didn't forget what I'd learned from Foxy O'Sullivan and his mate. I had a chance at a wrestling match with a big man among the amateurs—champion he was then, and I got the best of him. Two or three matches I had afterwards, but I kept the belt."

"Are you any good with the gloves, or don't you go in for anything but wrestling?" asked Macaire, his eyes dwelling with a queer, jealous, grudging admiration on the other's splendid shoulders, his arms, his wrists—visible under shabby sleeves too short for him—his strong brown hands that had done damage to day.

"Oh, wrestling's been my specialty, but I believe I'm not a bad boxer," Newcome answered, with modest confidence in his own powers. "I think I could hold my own with most amateurs, though I'm a bit out of training."

"How would you like to go into training again, if you stood to make your fortune, eh?"

Hope Newcome's dark eyes flashed. "I'll do anything that would keep me in England, and among the sort of men I must be among, if I'm to do what I came a good many thousand miles to do. And as for a fortune—well, I've got more than one use for money just now."

As he finished his face changed. No longer open, it became reserved. Though at first sight he seemed to have been exceedingly outspoken, even confident, about his past and his present circumstances, after all he had told practically nothing; and despite his boyish frankness at times he looked like a man who could keep his own counsel, a man who would be strong enough, dogged enough to die for the keeping of a secret if need be.

Macaire, however, did not now make these reflections regarding his companion's character. He thought of him as a connecting link with the past, through F. E. Z. (concerning whom he meant cautiously to put questions in time to come), and as a magnificent young animal to be trained for his uses, rather than as a thinking, feeling man with ambitions and hopes of his own. The millionaire was accustomed to make puppets of others who were handicapped in life's race by the lack of what he possessed in abundance; and one of his most extravagantly eccentric ideas was taking form in his brain for the future of his present companion.

By this time dinner was well under way. Here and there they had paused in their conversation for one course to go and another to come, lest the sub-

ject should prove too interesting for a waiter's ears; and they had now passed by oysters, soup, and filleted sole.

"Very well, then," Macaire commented on the other's answer. "Then you're the man for me. And I rather think I'm the man for you, too. I'm rich—I suppose you've heard that of me, haven't you?"

"I've heard that there's a Mr. Lionel Macaire who's got millions. Are you that Macaire, sir?"

"I'm that Macaire. I like to amuse myself, and I can afford to pay for it; I do pay for it. I invite you to cater for my amusement, and I'm willing to pay a big price. If you consent, after I've explained, I don't mind giving you a sum down if you're so situated that a sum in hand would be a convenience—a sort of retaining fee, don't you know?"

"I didn't know who you were that night, sir," Hope Newcome said. "But I remembered your face."

"Good. There's just one thing, then, before I put my proposition and try to see if you and I can come to terms. Will you give me your word, if you accept, that the arrangement between us shall be entirely confidential—entirely, mind you? I haven't asked you to confide in me, and I don't know whether you're alone in England or whether you're with friends or relatives, male or female. But when I say that I want our transactions to be private, between ourselves, I don't except such relatives or friends."

"Understand you, sir. And if I accept it shall be as you say. I give you my word."

CHAPTER XX.

The Rest of the Bargain.

"How soon could you get into training for the biggest fight you ever had?" asked Macaire. "That is, everything being favorable."

"I could be ready in a fortnight, I'm sure," Newcome answered, after an instant's thought. "I haven't much superfluous flesh to work off, and I always go in for a certain amount of exercise every day, with the exception of a few when I sleep on a seat on the Victoria Embankment. Without exercising each morning I feel as lost, somehow, as I do without my cold plunge. But as for a fight—"

"No 'buts' until you've heard me out," Macaire broke in. "My friends all know me for a sportsman, and I have few friends who are not sporting men. Sometimes, to amuse them, I have a show in a big vault of a room under my house, and nobody outside is the wiser. Last spring I managed a pretty good glove fight—Joe Nash, known as Joey the Kid, and a mattock, Bill Clay. They were both first-rate men. The Kid is the champion of his county, and since he downed Clay, who had a splendid record in the prize-ring in the States—"

"I've heard of him," said Newcome.

"I thought you must have. Well, the Kid has gone swaggering about swearing there's no one who can touch him. He's getting tiresome, and I should like nothing better than to see you knock him out—at my place, with my friends and me looking on—for a purse, of say, two thousand pounds. It would be a very sporting thing for you to accept."

Hope Newcome flushed a little, and did not hurry in answering. He saw that the millionaire looked upon him as an animal, and valued him as a man may value a new hunter which he thinks of securing. Newcome felt that there were things in him of more worth than his muscles, and he liked not the proposal made by the millionaire. But only this morning he had told himself that he would do anything for a hundred pounds, even to committing a crime. Not for his own necessities, though he wanted money badly enough, but for another use upon which he had set his heart and soul. Now, here was the chance of earning much more than the sum he had thought of—a chance which a few hours ago had seemed as far away from him as the stars in heaven. It would be madness to think of letting it slip.

But Macaire believed that he was hesitating in the hope of a larger bribe. That bribe he had meant to offer by and by; now, however, he proceeded by and by.

"I don't know what you mean by that. Perhaps you don't wish me to."

"I confess I'm fond of a harmless mystery," answered the man just baffled by the mystery wrapped round the vanished figure of a girl. "If I—merely to amuse myself—not out of any exaggerated whimsy to be generous—offer you a—er—salary, we'll call it, of a thousand pounds a month for six months, and let you do what you like without asking questions, wouldn't you grant me my mystery till the end of that phase of our partnership?"

"I've never yet taken any money I haven't earned," said Newcome.

"I mean you shall earn this. At first, with the fight (the thing's off if the Kid knocks you out); afterwards, at the end of the six months. Oh, you needn't look so suspicious, my friend. I swear I would ask nothing dishonorable. Will you take my word for that, and, trusting me for the rest, give me the accomplishment of both objects."

Macaire watched the dark face, but it changed very little. There was only a slight quivering of the lips for a second, which ended in a smile—not exactly the sort of emotion that the millionaire had expected to call up. He had looked for astonishment.

"The higher the place, the better I should like it," said Newcome, laughing. "But I don't see any ladder to begin the climb on at present."

"If you fight Joey the Kid, and lick him," returned Macaire, in the vernacular of his kind, "I'll provide the ladder. After the fight's over I shall introduce you to my friends as a sporting young pal of mine who did the thing for a lark. I shall give them the tip that you have come into a pile of money, and that you want to see something of London life. I've done pretty well for myself, and I'm in just the sort of set that I like; but there are people in English society who think themselves too good for me, in spite of my money. There are others who'll say black's white if I ask them to, because I've got what they want. You shall know both kinds. You must have a good name, of course—a title would be the best thing. But an English one couldn't be managed, I'm afraid. You'll have to put up with a foreign makeshift. What would you think of—let me see, Baron von Zeilheim?"

Now, at least, Macaire had no need for disappointment, for the young man's face was red from chills to forehead. "How did you happen to think of that for a name?" he asked, quickly.

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Books and Their Makers.

SIR JOHN BOURINOT'S industry is admirable. When not engaged upon some new work of civics it busies itself with the revision of old. "How Canada Is Governed," one of the most useful and popular manuals the erudite Clerk of the House of Commons has compiled, is now issued in a new edition, revised to date (Toronto: Copp, Clark). This is a book that should be in the possession of every Canadian able to read English. Truly, as the author contends, "the first duty of citizens in every country is to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the nature and operation of the system of government under which they live." This manual is divided into seven chief parts, the titles of which are: Growth of the Constitution; Imperial Government; the Dominion Government; the Provincial Governments; Municipal Government in the Provinces; School Government in the Provinces; Government in the North-West Territories. These departments furnish a very full, succinct and untechnical description of the civic institutions, forms and procedures of the land. In addition to an attractive outline map of the Dominion, there are thirty-seven pages of illustrations and autographs.

Amongst those who heard the Rev. J. T. Sunderland's sermons on Religion and Evolution at the Unitarian Church in Jarvis street last winter, the wish was strong that these remarkable and inspiring addresses might be preserved in printed form. The wish is now gratified by the publication of the entire six sermons of the series—the Evolution of the World, the Evolution of Man, the Evolution of Religion, the Problem of Pain and Evil in the Light of Evolution, the Bible, Jesus and Christianity in the Light of Evolution, Immortality in the Light of Evolution—in neat book form, with paper covers (Toronto: Daniel Rose & Son, 126 Bay street). To re-read Mr. Sunderland's calm philosophy after an interval of two or three months is to be convinced that he is on the right track—that spiritual truth can be reconciled with the irrefutable teachings of science—and that without compromising either. The great charm of Mr. Sunderland's writing is its limp clearness. One is never left in doubt as to his meaning. He has also authority and grasp, because he knows his subject thoroughly, and is never obliged to hesitate about the next step. His book must give all who read it a more exalted conception of the destiny of the universe and of man. It will be preserved by many as a well-spring and treasure-house of noble thoughts, nobly spoken.

As Bernier and his ambitions are bringing the North Pole nearer to our grasp, every story of the far North is of added interest. Canadians are just wakening up to the fact of that huge ice-bound country they own, and realizing that to be Lords of the North is not the empty boast one used to consider it. Agnes Laut is so far "the" novelist of the far North, and takes us back to the primitive times when fortunes were stolen from the Indians by the fur-traders, who set out to subdue land and sea and savages, not from humanitarian motives but to secure the riches of the fur country when the Hudson Bay Fur Company and a host of adventurers came to issue over the spoils of that rich land, and when Sieur Radisson, the hero of the tale "Heralds of Empire" is thus described by the author: "I see him yet—swarthy, straight as a lance, keen as steel, in his eyes the restless fire that leaps to red when sword cuts sword, beating about the high seas, a lone adventurer, tracking forest wastes where no man else dare go, prince of path-finders, prince of pioneers, prince of gamesters, he played for the love of the game, caring never a rush for the gold." Thus does Miss Laut herald her hero, and he lives up to the mark. Through incredible perils, bloody massacres and intrigues innumerable, Sieur Radisson leads his friends and his crew. From the lonely tepee in the ravine where at midnight creeping braves surprise and massacre the sleeping Indians and take away their spoil of rich furs, to the dissolute court of King Charles at Whitehall, where the furs are offered by Sieur Radisson to the monarch, one follows the breathless career not always comfortably, as may be easily

seen. Just by way of contrast comes "The Court of Destiny" by G. G. Chatterton, also a Colonial Library number. In this story life is so truly portrayed as to be exasperating. Godfrey and Eva have an "understanding," which lasts till they are verging on the sere and yellow—at least, Eva is. "Tis the woman who suffers most, and enjoys most the innocent love affair, poverty being all that hinders complete happiness. Godfrey is a dear, constant, loyal and gloriously happy and philosophical Irish soldier, and the Jamaica part of the story is particularly pretty. One scarcely dares to hope that the gods will be good to Godfrey and Eva, but (mirabile dictu!) they finally are, and only one could wish for a neater and more natural climax. The story begins most thrillingly with the resuscitation of a half-hanged murderer, a very decent sort of chap, who is the fairy godfather in after years of the thoroughly lifelike pair of probationers in love's court. Let everyone who wants a charming, sprightly, cleverly-written and unexceptionable story take Chatterton's "The Court of Destiny" away with them for the vacation.

Fixed organic disease may result if you keep up your present course, and yet it is an easy thing to give up coffee and get well. Have your cook make Postum Food Coffee strictly to directions, and that is easy. Use enough of it and boil long enough to bring out the taste, then you will find that the famous food drink will satisfy your coffee taste and the old troubles gradually disappear.

There are hundreds of thousands of cases in America that prove the truth of this statement.

A gentleman from Columbus, Ga., says: "My wife had been an invalid for some time, and did not seem to yield to any sort of medicines. She could not eat anything without distress, and naturally was badly run down in every way."

"Finally we concluded that perhaps it was the coffee that hurt her, so she quit it and went on Postum, also began using Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food. She immediately began to improve, and kept gaining strength and health; now she can eat heartily of anything she wants, vegetables and anything else, without hurting her. She has gained nearly thirty pounds since she made the change."

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"Just a moment," interrupted the capitalist. "Where are you going to get your income after you have cured them all?"

conceived. There is romance, though not Sieur Radisson's, and the story is as original and interesting as well can be. The book is handsomely brought out by William Briggs.

Long's Colonial Library have sent out a varied batch this month—some pleasant and some much the reverse. A book leaving a bad taste in the mouth is Fergus Hume's "Woman, the Sphinx," which deals with a female version of Jekyll and Hyde. Agnes, the saint of Apple Tree Town, and Lais, the courtesan of Paris, twin sisters by the grace of the perpetual lar, but really one and the same woman, become rather individually and dually unbearable to the same reader. Apple Tree Town, a Devonshire cider-making center, is deliciously described. It makes one faintly sigh, "Oh! to be now in England!" to read of it. Paris, with its underworld banalities and vice, is plainly set forth, and is frankly stupid and abominable. The twins, merging into one woman, cursed by a nature that must dree its weird of degradation, alternate in bewildering likeness and unlikeness. I cannot help admiring the hero of this unpleasant tale—his utterances are of the most primitive, and his scheme of life sweetly simple. He goes to Africa to be good, and every few years comes back to London to be as bad as London will permit, which one realizes is a large contract. Fortunately, after a thoroughly archaic scheme of reformation through the angelic Agnes, and a very warm time in Paris with the lurid Lais, this very adaptable gentleman reforms himself reformed in as idiotic a sentence as any he has heretofore uttered. Agnes and Lais, unmasked by him, gives up, and is paralyzed, dying in the odor of sanctity and elder in Apple Tree Town. The novelist says that his hero found self, put away self, and learned the great lesson of life. He took a long course, I'm thinking, but he rolls away from the unburdened Agnes and Apple Tree Town, breathing a prayer for the soul of the lady, which marks him a confirmed optimist, considering his experiences with her in Parée. By the way, "Fergus Hume" may not be a man, and I rather incline to the belief that only a woman could have dished up such a heroine as the Jekyll-Hyde lady.

As Bernier and his ambitions are bringing the North Pole nearer to our grasp, every story of the far North is of added interest. Canadians are just wakening up to the fact of that huge ice-bound country they own, and realizing that to be Lords of the North is not the empty boast one used to consider it. Agnes Laut is so far "the" novelist of the far North, and takes us back to the primitive times when fortunes were stolen from the Indians by the fur-traders, who set out to subdue land and sea and savages, not from humanitarian motives but to secure the riches of the fur country when the Hudson Bay Fur Company and a host of adventurers came to issue over the spoils of that rich land, and when Sieur Radisson, the hero of the tale "Heralds of Empire" is thus described by the author: "I see him yet—swarthy, straight as a lance, keen as steel, in his eyes the restless fire that leaps to red when sword cuts sword, beating about the high seas, a lone adventurer, tracking forest wastes where no man else dare go, prince of path-finders, prince of pioneers, prince of gamesters, he played for the love of the game, caring never a rush for the gold." Thus does Miss Laut herald her hero, and he lives up to the mark. Through incredible perils, bloody massacres and intrigues innumerable, Sieur Radisson leads his friends and his crew. From the lonely tepee in the ravine where at midnight creeping braves surprise and massacre the sleeping Indians and take away their spoil of rich furs, to the dissolute court of King Charles at Whitehall, where the furs are offered by Sieur Radisson to the monarch, one follows the breathless career not always comfortably, as may be easily

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ages were sent through the room. All that the teachers told them was that they were to go into the room through one door and out through another. When they returned to their classrooms they were asked to describe the man in the room. Nearly eighty percent of the girls confined their attention to the man's clothes; the others described both clothes and features. The same experiments when tried with boys revealed the fact that nearly seventy percent of them confined their attention to the man's features, the remainder to both features and clothes.

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NO. 31.



SATURDAY last was "busy day" among Toronto aquatic clubs as well as with many other athletic organizations, and notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the weather the respective spring meetings of the Toronto Canoe Club, the Argonaut Rowing Club, and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, were well attended. The Canoe Club programme consisted of seven events, which were all closely contested and excited much interest; the feature of the Argonaut regatta was the final appearance of the club's eight prior to their departure for the Henley regatta, while from the clubhouse of the R.C.Y.C. the yacht race in which the "Canada," sailed by J. Wilson Morse, beat the "Merrythought," handled by Commodore Aemilius Jarvis, was watched with keen interest.

The season's sports of the Toronto Swimming Club also commenced on Saturday last, when in spite of the rather too bracing temperature of the water a fifty-yard team race was pulled off, which resulted in a win for the team captained by A. C. Goode over that of Percy Webb. A neat booklet has just been issued containing the club's programme for the coming summer, which includes swimming handicaps, team races, diving contests, polo matches, and life-saving drills. The club aims, as its constitution states, among other things "to teach and promote the useful and life-saving art of swimming" as well as "to promote and encourage the knowledge of the principles of life-saving and resuscitation of the apparently drowned." To be a good swimmer is a highly desirable accomplishment, and the additional knowledge of how to act in attempting to rescue a person from drowning is a thing to cultivate. The Toronto Swimming Club's scientific treatment of these two branches of utilitarian athletics is attracting many new members, and the indications are that this will be a highly successful season for them.

Last Saturday's lacrosse games, in which the Tecumsehs were beaten by the Shamrocks, the Nationals by the Capitals, and the Montreals by the Cornwall team, mark the beginning of the sifting process which will soon enable the "wise" followers of the national game to pick the season's winner in the senior league. Montreal, by their poor showing at Cornwall, would seem to be out of the running, and to-day's game at the Island between the Nationals and the Toronto will serve to indicate whether the latter club's experience abroad as "conquering heroes" will be of much benefit to them when up against players who, like themselves, have had the lacrosse instinct born in them.

Following the novelty of the ladies' baseball organization styling themselves "The Boston Bloomer Girls," who played in the city recently, a number of lady bicyclists who are "bloomer girls" no less than their predecessors, although their advance notices contained no reference to costume, have this week been engaging in a protracted racing contest at the Island, which is exciting considerable interest. The races, which begin each evening at 8.15, and are held on a track the incline of which makes "loafing" an impossibility, are pleasing the crowds immensely, and the young ladies are proving by the astonishing manner in which they reel off the miles that in this as in other branches of athletics the "possibilities" for feminine aspirants are great.

Although not of particular interest to Canadians, the remarkable record of Pittsburgh in National League baseball this season is worthy of note. Out of a total of forty games played up to the beginning of the week, the Iron City club had lost only seven, a percentage of .825. They are .333 per cent. above Chicago, who are second in the big league.

It has come to this—that a lacrosse match without a "scrap" would hardly be a lacrosse match. Pummelling your cheek and getting pummelled in return are looked upon almost as legitimate features of Canada's national game. This season's chapter of the same old story opened last Saturday, when the Tecumseh-Shamrock match was enlivened by a series of incidents that would not be out of place in a modern historical novel, where everybody wants to spill blood on the least imaginable provocation. Finally there was a free-for-all, rough-and-tumble mix-up that suggested a riot rather than a friendly contest between law-abiding Canadian athletes. It is all wrong, and brings disgrace on the game and everyone associated therewith.

The newly established City League promises to arouse more than the ordinary amount of interest in cricket this season. Some keen matches will surely result, and the good old game will benefit thereby. The first match played last Saturday between Gordon-Mackay's and Parkdale was won by the latter by 51 to 37.

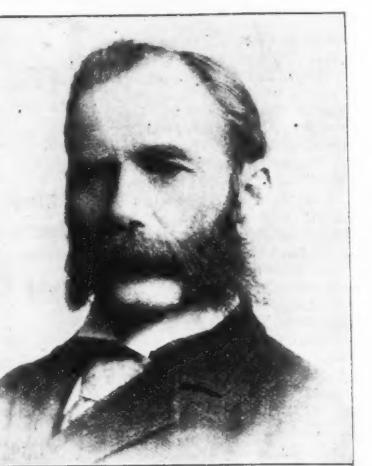
The Granite Club has just closed a great bowling tournament—one of the most enjoyable and most interesting ever held on this hospitable and wideawake club's lawn. Entries were numerous and the sport was keen. At the

time of writing the finals had not been decided, but the score in the semi-finals stood: C. Boeckh (Canadas) 10 against J. P. Rogers (Granites) 14; C. Swaby (Victorias) 14 against W. J. McMurry (Granites) 12. Keen interest was taken in the consolation and single competitions also.

A Record Breaking Swindle.

THE New York detectives are on the lookout for the authors of one of the greatest "bunco games" ever worked in Europe, who are expected to arrive in the United States any day. These clever swindlers, on the strength of a mythical multi-millionaire's estate, obtained from French bankers the stupendous amount of \$12,000,000, and from London bankers another million, and for twenty years kept themselves on the top wave of society in Paris, entertaining nobility and even royalty, became prominent in artistic and musical circles, had a box at the opera at an annual rental of 30,000 francs, a palace in the Avenue de la Grand Armee, and two magnificent chateaux in the country. According to the despatches, the methods employed by these impostors were very simple, and were made possible by the very precautions of the French law. Mme. Humbert filed a will naming herself as sole heir of the estate of R. H. Crawford, valued at 100,000,000 francs. Then the Crawford brothers produced another will dividing the mythical estate among themselves, nephews of the supposed dead plutocrat, Mme. Humbert, and her sister, Marie d'Aurignac. This was the ground on which a contest in the courts was based, and finally, in accordance with custom, an order was issued directing that the titles, deeds, and securities for the \$20,000,000, which were represented to be in the possession of Mme. Humbert, should be sealed up. The supposed documents were accordingly produced and sealed with the official seal of the court, and deposited in a monster safe. On the strength of the documents that were sealed up by order of the court, the first few million francs was borrowed without the least difficulty.

As soon as the lenders began to ask why the parties did not come to a compromise, it was suggested by one of the Crawford brothers that he should become the husband of Marie d'Aurignac as soon as she became of age. When Marie became of age, however, she refused to marry Crawford, and the brothers brought a civil suit against Mme. Humbert for the 100,000,000 francs, and secured an injunction restraining her from touching the fortune in her safe. So, for twenty years, by one expedient or another, the parties to the gigantic fraud continued to draw money from the bankers of Paris and London, and to live at the rate of at least a million a year. Whenever a creditor became clamorous, an offer was immediately made to buy up his claim, which was refused. There was one banker referred to in the court proceedings as M. X., of Lyons, who yielded up a million dollars alone, and then committed suicide. The Crawford estate became known to all Paris, and the house in which there was a safe containing \$20,000,000 was always pointed out to visitors by coachmen and guides. Toward the last a few people began to have suspicions, but even the creditors deprecated any such suspicions, as, because of the enormous amount of the loans, their own credit would be jeopardized by a belief that their investment was insecure. When at last Mme. Humbert and her sister Marie had disappeared, and the great safe and the court's seals were formally and ceremoniously opened, all Paris was in front of the house. The securities, deeds, etc., were found to be worth next to nothing. Even then the crowd could not believe that persons who had played such a great part in the life of Paris were simply swindlers. Then they made a rush for the art gallery. They found that nearly all the most valuable pictures had been taken away, and cheap copies of them hung in their frames.



DR. T. S. SPROULE, M.P.
The late N. Clarke Wallace's successor as Grand Master of the Orange Order.

Books That Live and Books That Die.

WHAT makes a book immortal? Although few, if any, dull stories have lived and been read during fifty years, a great number of excellent and for a while popular stories have perished and been forgotten within a decade after their first editions appeared in the bookstores.

For example, there is—or, rather, there was—"Trilby," a good story exceeding well told. It came out in 1884 and had a stupendous sale. But "Trilby" is dead. The librarians of the chief libraries unanimously report that the book is called for seldom or never. It is old lumber on the shelves. What killed "Trilby"? The story is just as good to-day as it was eight years ago. Du Maurier was a master writer and there was nothing essentially ephemeral in the interest of his charming tale. Yet poor Trilby wanted the drop of leprosy in her veins that would have given her everlasting life. A decade hence the charming Miss O'Tarrell, and the Laird, and Taffy and Little Billee and Svengali—that delightful company in that delightful Latin Quarter—will have ceased to be even memories to a hurrying and ungrateful generation.

Lounging among the tombs of literary reputations in the Mechanics', the Mercantile and the Free Public Libraries, and chatting with the caretakers or librarians, a reporter from the San Francisco "Bulletin" made some strange and many sad discoveries. In a secluded niche the sepulchre of Rudyard Kipling was found—that Kipling who, three years ago, was the most popular author in all the world. No one asks for his books, say the librarians. He is dead and buried, although there may be a resurrection some day, for notwithstanding much posing, much affection and much brutality, Kipling's Indian tales are stories of first-rate quality, and they deserve to live. Kipling tried to much, and his work deteriorated. "Stalky & Co." was utterly puny, and "Kim" fell flat. Two such failures undid him.

One is not surprised that the cheap novels of sentiment and emotion, such as those written by Mrs. E. D. E. Southworth a few years ago, have lost vogue, although they were sold in vast editions to romance-mad women, but who that has been thrilled by "Deerslayer," "Pathfinder," "Last of the Mohicans," and all that series of good, though impossible stories, will neglect to shed a tear beside the grave which is yawning for Fenimore Cooper? Cooper is breathing his last. Now and then a call for one of his books revives him as a dose of digitalis or an inhalation of pure oxygen revives a dying man, but his strength is gone and the undertaker is ready to inter his literary remains. Nathaniel Parker Willis, than whom no author was more

in demand fifty years ago, is not only dead, but forgotten. His name may be found in some of the catalogues—but he has ceased to be a personality in literature. Fare thee well, Nat, in that oblivion where thou wilt find many of greater genius than thine, but none more chatty and companionable.

Old Captain Marryat, that interesting tar, is still on the quarter deck, and the present generation of boys attend his sea yarns. This is good news, for the captain was well beloved, and it would be a pity to hear of him dead or moribund. He painted a cabin, a forecastle and a life afloat far different from those of the navies and the merchant marine of this day, but it was a hearty, healthy life he painted, full of fighting, adventures and suffering, a life whose passing away we will not lament, but whose pictures we hope long to retain in Marryat's books.

A pleasant find was the tomb of that intolerable prig of a book, "Sandford and Merton," which was forced on all children some years ago for their edification. All those infinite series of tales by Oliver Optic and his compatriots, which so absorbed the youthful attention thirteen or fourteen years ago that there used to be a waiting list for each volume, have ceased to be read. They may not have been literary masterpieces, but they gave many a boy happy hours and ecstatic thrills such as no book, however great, can give him in these years of critical and non-salutary manhood. Let us murmur a requiescat when we come upon their mortuary shelf in the library.

In the poets' corner, too, are many tombs of the forgotten, or dimly remembered dead. No one reads poetry nowadays, and the bards lie in their cases awaiting a resurrection which may come when the world grows tired of prose.

But Dickens and Thackeray are still alive, and have a steadily increasing patronage. Good news, indeed, for the world will be abandoned to stupidity when it neglects those two men. Stevenson, let us be thankful, lives still in his books, and Mark Twain shows none of the signs of dissolution. "Alice in Wonderland," which was published in 1868, has not lost its spell, and it is read as much to-day as it ever was, and a good deal more than Mr. Dodgson's (Lewis Carroll's) "Elementary Treatise on Determinants" and his other mathematical works are read.

Coming back to the question, what makes a book immortal, who can answer? Why has "Alice in Wonderland" survived since 1868, when "Trilby" could not live eight years? Who can say that the story of Alice is better than the story of "Trilby"? There is a mystery in these matters too deep for critics, publishers or the public to fathom, but certain it is that the world's first impression of a book is not always—indeed—is seldom—final, and that an immense sale for ten editions is no guarantee of immortality.

To Whitcomb Riley.

On reading his poem, "The Soldier," published in the last issue of "Saturday Night."

Dear Riley, we have read your splendid verse
About "The Soldier;" it is very good:
Smooth, limpid, flowing, eloquent and terse;
But we suppose it must be understood
"The Soldier" you extol in such a way

Is one of those historical "has-beens."

And not the Yankee soldier of to-day.

Who's making history in the Philippines.
You say that in his heart "pure patriot blood"
Brimms with fierce love, yet honor infinite;

"Fierce love and honor infinite" are good.

And fit the Funston style of hero quite!

The soldier's "glad and grateful," so you say.

"Even to die at Freedom's holy shrine!"

But what if he but fights to take away

From weaker folk their liberty divine?

The ruthless chap led by your Smith is not

"The soldier of our plaudits, flowers and tears."

Nor shall the love of such as should be shot.

"Outlast their monument a thousand years;"

True, soldiers have to do as they are told.

And thus, perchance, should be exempt from blame;

But on the shameful concrete case to dwell.

But on "The Soldier" as a pure ideal:

Such is most rare beneath your flag just now—

He disappeared when recent tyrants rose.

With hypocritic smile and brazen brow.

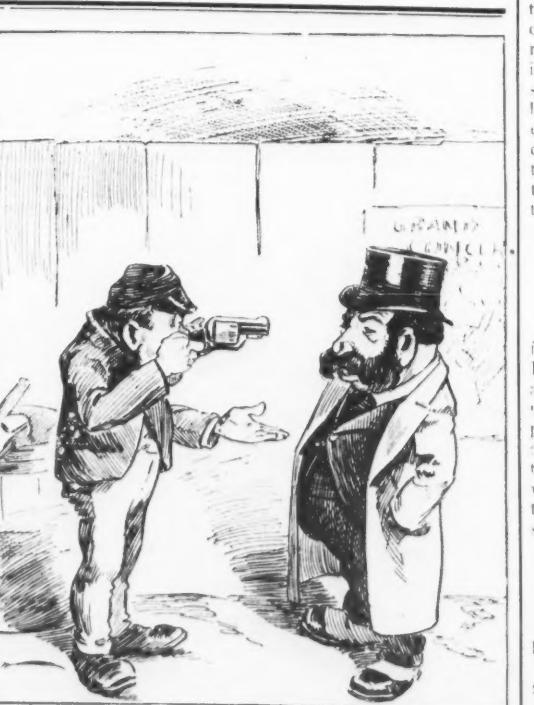
To "succor" trusting hearts with deadly blows!

J. W. BENGough.

Elysian Fields.

SOME say that anything worth having is difficult to find. The wild lupine belies that judgment, for just outside the city in the sandy places, covering hillsides and field, may be found—such bluethat, coming suddenly upon it, one is startled; wonder and amazement crowd upon the senses. Before one lies field beyond field of intense, celestial blue, shining in the sun as though the heavens themselves had fallen and the green earth only peeped through. Pluck a flower and you are almost disenchanted—you have taken it out of its element. But gather an armful, add a few ferns outside—heaven and earth will have met together.

The plant grows erect from one to two feet high, the little pea-like blossom each side of the stalk in a long raceme. The leaf is made up of from nine to eleven little leaflets forming somewhat the shape of a wheel. One goes



Highwayman—I'm out o' work, boss, or I wouldn't be doin' dis.

Landlord—I can't give you money, but you're just the man I want for a rent collector.

home after viewing it a little awed with so much glory and filled with thoughts such as Wordsworth must have known when he wrote his "Daffodils":

I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought,
For oft when on my couch I lie
I flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude."

The picture of that ravishing color remains transcend- ant in one's mind, clearer than the remembrance of way-side purples, unshaded by the brightness of the sky itself or the dancing waves of Humber Bay.

GLADYS BACON,

To Restore Caligula's Floating Garden.

A COMPANY with a capital of \$100,000 has been organized for the purpose of draining Lake Nemi, a small body of water occupying what was once the crater of a volcano in the Alban Hills, upon the estate of Prince Orsini, about thirty-two miles from Rome. The object of draining the lake is to recover two enormous floating gardens or house boats of the most extraordinary character, which were built and used by the crazy Emperor Caligula about forty years after Christ. The historian Seutonius tells us that Caligula squandered in fantastic schemes during a single year the sum of 2,700,000,000 sestertes (equivalent to about \$100,000,000 of our money) that had been left him by Tiberius, and describes among other remarkable toys constructed for his amusement floating gardens of cedar wood, adorned with jeweled prows, rich sculpture, vessels of gold and silver, sails of purple silk, bathrooms of alabaster and bronze, and other equally novel and costly features.

Upon these floating gardens were vineyards and fruit trees. They were not only places of amusement, but temples in which the mad Emperor worshipped himself. The floors were paved with glass mosaic, the window and door frames were of bronze, many of the decorations were of almost priceless value, and the ordinary equipments were of beautiful design and costly workmanship. For some reason or another, probably during the war that followed the reign of Caligula, these palaces were sunk, and now lie in the mud two hundred yards distant from each other in five fathoms of water; one is one hundred and fifty feet from the bank and the other about two hundred and fifty feet.

The first attempt to raise them was made in the thirteenth century, but it was found impossible. In 1446 Cardinal Prospero Colonna employed Leon Batista Alberti, the greatest engineer in that period, but his mechanical appliances were wholly inadequate. He used pontoon bridges, windlasses, and inflated bladders. In 1535 Francesco di Marchi of Bologna, a great military engineer, made another attempt, an account of which is given in his work on Military Architecture. He was unable to do anything, but obtained accurate measurements and other valuable information concerning the objects of his search. A diver who spent several months in their examination, brought up samples of richly wrought bronze which had become detached from the decorations. Nothing further was done until 1827, when another engineer succeeded in breaking off the prow of one of the vessels, to its permanent injury.

Five years ago Signor Berghi, a learned antiquarian, obtained permission from the Orsini family to make another attempt, and, although he was unsuccessful in accomplishing his purpose, he managed, with his grapping irons, to rip up the palace pretty generally, and has probably destroyed much of their value and beauty. He took out many beautiful decorations of bronze and marble before he was stopped by the Minister of Public Instruction, who has charge of antiquarian researches in Italy. The articles are now hidden away to escape confiscation by the Government, which has been trying to get hold of them. There has been a bitter controversy over the matter in the newspapers and in pamphlets, and the Government has forbidden the use of any further methods that will injure the boats. Berghi has therefore organized a company and is now offering the shares for sale in order to raise money to drain the lake far enough to allow him to get at the ships and dredge the bottom for fragments that may have become detached. The boats are made of cedar, with a thick coating of pitch and covered with cloth, on the outside of which a skin of sheet lead of great thickness is fastened with copper nails. The decks are paved with glass mosaics of exquisite beauty.

How to Make a Camp.

Camp life, because of its simplicity, is rapidly coming into vogue. Here are a few simple directions, from New York "Life":

Secure a good forest and a fair-sized lake

The Seismograph

TORONTO HAS ONE OF THE FOUR CHIEF EARTHQUAKE RECORDERS IN AMERICA—HOW THE WONDERFUL MECHANISM WORKS.—A TRIUMPH OF MAN'S INGENUITY.

WHAT is the seismograph? How is it constructed, what does it look like, and how does it work?

Since the arousing of popular interest in earthquakes, volcanoes and like phenomena, as the result of the recent disasters, frequent mention has been made of this curious and ingenious contrivance.

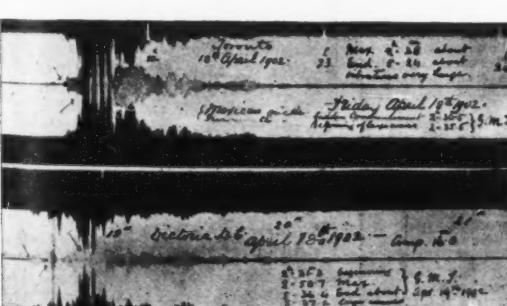
Toronto has one of the four or five principal seismographs in America. It is installed at the Observatory in Queen's Park. The recording of earthquakes is not properly a department of Old Prof's work, but the Observatory here undertook it at the request of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and for the last five years the seismograph has modestly and steadily worked away in the seclusion of the basement of the Observatory, during which time some four hundred earth tremors or quakes have been recorded. It is impossible for a considerable earthquake to take place in any part of the world without the fact being communicated almost immediately to the watchful men of science in the Queen's Park.

On the 18th day of April the instrument at the Observatory told of a violent agitation of Mother Earth. The fact was given as news item in all the Toronto dailies within twenty-four hours. Not till two or three days later was the world made aware that a fearful earthquake had occurred in Guatemala, Central America, and not for a couple of weeks later still was the full extent of the catastrophe known.

The Toronto seismograph said nothing about the violent eruption of Mount Pelee. But neither did any other seismograph, so far as reported. This simply shows that the recent volcanic activity in the West Indies, while locally disastrous, produced no earthquake, or at least none of sufficient violence to convey tremors to any considerable distance from the center of disturbance.

Canada has two seismographs—one at Toronto and one at Victoria, B.C. In the United States there is one at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and another owned by a private individual. There are some small instruments at other places, but these are the chief seismographic stations in North America.

Mr. Scupart, the director of the Toronto Observatory, takes great interest in the seismograph and explains its workings with admirable clearness. Down in the basement of the Observatory, resting on a solid stone column implanted in the soil, is the wonderful but simple little instrument that responds to the slightest tremor of the nether world, as inevitably as a man's pulse records the beatings of his heart. Its leading feature is a horizontal pendulum or beam, made of aluminum, and about thirty-six inches long; this beam is swung or pivoted from a metal upright resting on the column of stone. The adjustment is so exceedingly delicate that the slightest tilting or heaving of the upright column causes the horizontal beam to swing from side to side. An imperceptible movement at the pivotal end of the swinging arm of course produces a pronounced sway at the outer extremity. To this outer extremity of the horizontal beam is attached a small metal plate in which is a narrow slit; this plate, which of course moves as the beam moves, is suspended over a fixed plate, in which is another slit, but at right angles to the slit above it. From a jet of gas overhead light falls through the two slits—that is, through the small aperture made by their intersection—on to a strip of photographic paper which is slowly but continually moved under the plates by clockwork. When the horizontal arm is steady the paper as it reeled off is traced with a straight black line where the light falls on it through the two slits. As soon as the beam swings back and forth ever so slightly the straight line becomes somewhat blurred. If the beam is oscillated



vibrantly, the straight line disappears altogether, giving place to a wide irregular "smudge," as in the accompanying cut, which shows the record of the recent Guatemala earthquake, taken both at Toronto and at Victoria.

A mere local disturbance, such as the shock from an explosion, might be recorded by the seismograph, but in a very different manner from an earthquake. An explosion, a blow, or any local cause of like character, would cause the instrument to jump for a moment or two only. But an earthquake produces long wavelike movements in the earth's crust and these last for several minutes or hours. There is no possibility of the instrument confounding the two.

The photographic paper is reeled off at a fixed rate and is timed as it passes through the machine in such a manner that not only can the exact moment at which the shock began be determined, but its duration also is recorded.

This particular kind of seismograph was invented by Professor John Milne while studying earthquakes in Japan. There are others kind's but none so reliable. Professor Milne is his observatory on the Isle of Wight has the most complete apparatus of all sorts for studying seismic phenomena.

The thought will occur to the sceptically inclined that it is sheer scientific vanity to study earthquake shocks, since no amount of knowledge can avail to prevent them. But science is not deterred from investigating a subject by the apparent impossibility of turning the data gathered to practical account. Science wants to know all things for the mere satisfaction of knowing them; and so curiously are natural forces inter-related that often one department of research receives unexpected light from the apparently futile work carried on in some other and more occult department.

LANCE.

Feared Another United States.

Mr. Sidney Low, in his "Recollections of Cecil Rhodes" in the "Nineteenth Century" for May, throws very significant light on Mr. Rhodes' connection with the Boer war. The Boer war grew out of the Jameson raid, of which Mr. Rhodes was the instigating spirit. He told Mr. Low, says the latter, that it was by no means merely to redress the Outlanders' grievances that he took so much trouble. The Outlanders were sure, he said, in a little time, to turn Kruger out, get possession of the Transvaal Administration, right their own grievances, and set up a modern State. But in that case they would owe nothing to England, and were likely not only to drop the English connection themselves, but to draw all South Africa after them into a United States of South Africa, with its capital in the Rand. It was, it appears, to thwart the march of events in that direction and head off Destiny in the interest of the British Empire that Jameson was sent out. Rhodes' alleged talk, in which he disclosed his motives and purposes to Mr. Low, is quoted at length, and is of very great interest.

The Tout and the Bank Clerk.

IT was "get-away day" at Hamilton, and the young bank clerk who had come up from Toronto found breaking the bookmakers with his limited capital pretty hard work. He had played three races and lost. His little roll of \$36 had faded to \$12 and his spirits, which had been ebullient earlier in the day, had become depressed and soggy.

"I might have known I'd have a bad day," he thought to himself. "First, there was that ladder I walked under this morning. Then there was the cross-eyed man on the street car, and when the ticket agent gave me a four-dollar bill in change, that simply capped the climax. Those are hoodooes enough to break Lord Rosslyn."

He took the twelve dollars from his pocket and gazed at them mournfully. He felt he had lost his nerve and had just about decided to pursue the discreet course of saving the remnant for his tailor by leaving the remaining two races to take care of themselves. He had withdrawn a little from the crowd and was gazing wistfully into space.

"Do you see that chap over there?" asked an unemotional but cheerful voice at his side.

The B. C. felt a thrill of returning hope as he noticed that the interrupter of his meditations was a hunchback, who brings more luck to the track than a hunchback? It was a moment before he turned his eyes in the direction indicated by the hunchback's gesture. When he did see a young man of none too prepossessing appearance. A red sweater was his distinguishing feature of dress, and with that he wore a stiff felt hat, a brown coat, and nondescript trousers turned up to his boot tops. His face was placid but deeply lined. He had evidently good acquaintances, for he was talking to a man who looked like a millionaire.

"That makes three thousand to-day," he said to the millionaire, who assented.

"That chap," continued the hunchback, when he got the B. C.'s attention, "hasn't lost a bet to-day. He's a wonder, I tell you."

When the B. C. was awoken from the reverie into which this last observation sent him, the hunchback was nowhere to be seen, but joy of joys! who should be speaking to him but the young man with the red sweater who talked to millionaires about the usands and who never lost bet?

"Excuse me, could I look at your programme?" the Red Sweater was saying.

"Yes, oh, yes, certainly."

The Red Sweater had some trouble in finding the right race on the card. Perhaps he was not familiar with racing parlanchia.

"Thank you," as he returned the card.

The B. C. wanted to enter into conversation, but didn't know exactly how to begin. After a silence of a minute the Red Sweater said:

"Been betting any?"

"Oh, a little."

"Lost?" with conviction.

"Yes."

There was another silence and the Red Sweater seemed about to turn away. The B. C. could hold out no longer.

"I suppose you don't know anything good in this race?" he asked.

The Red Sweater turned quickly. "How much do you want to bet?" he asked, almost sharply.

The B. C. immediately felt that he wanted to bet the limit, and the limit, he estimated, was about seven dollars, which he produced.

"Give it to me," commanded the Red Sweater.

It was only a jiffy before the B. C. had a ticket which said: "Ti 35-7," which in the language of the race meant that he was betting seven dollars on Tiffany at 5 to 1.

"Have you got any more money?" asked the Red Sweater. His composure was supreme and his assurance produced something like an hypnotic influence on the B. C. Involuntarily the B. C. pulled his sole five-dollar bill from his pocket.

"Thanks," said the Red Sweater, as he took it. He bought another ticket which said: "Ti 25-5."

"You don't mind if I give this to the stable boy?" he said in a conventional tone.

"Oh!—no, not at all," as the Red Sweater vanished in the crowd.

The B. C. thought he would go away up to the back of the grand stand and sit down. On the way he met an acquaintance.

"What do you like in this race?"

"I'm not betting," said the B. C., with grave mendaciousness. He thought to himself as he walked on. "I've been buncod."

He stumbled and almost fell as he ran up the steps of the grand stand.

"That's good luck, old man," said the man who gave him a steady hand. "I wish I had stumbled," but the B. C. was not cheered up. He seemed to take little interest in the race. He was despondent.

Wonderful to relate, Tiffany won!

The B. C. had the ticket calling for \$42 and he hurried off to cash in great excitement. His impulse was to get the money and go home. At the bookie's stall who should bob up serenely but the Red Sweater.

"Give me your ticket, I don't need to wait for the line," he ordered and the B. C. obeyed.

"All-right! Tiffany first," cried the announcer, and the Red Sweater was the first to cash.

"Come on," he said coolly to the B. C. "I've got a good thing in this race, too," and he kept the forty-two dollars in his hand.

"Wait a minute," the B. C. found courage to say. "I'm—er, I'm broke."

He was sorry the next moment that he had said any thing, so great was the compassion that gazed from the Red Sweater's eyes. He almost returned the \$2 that was magnanimously handed to him.

With \$40 left the Red Sweater accosted the bookmaker. "Twenty-five and fifteen on Young Henry to win," he said. Instantly he had two tickets, one at 75 to 25 and the other at 45 to 15, for the odds were 3 to 1. The large one he handed over to the B. C. with the information: "I'll keep the other for the stable boy." He didn't expect a kick and there wasn't one.

"All the wise people seem to be down on Springwells," ventured the B. C., imitating the language of the track. The Red Sweater answered not, but walked away.

This time the B. C. was in a high state of excitement and he waited for the race nervously. As the horses came into the stretch he ran to the fence and at the finish he was yelling like a madman.

Young Henry won!

The Red Sweater was again first at the betting ring. Grave, serene and confident, he again took hold of the B. C.'s ticket and the owner yielded. "What an ass I was," said the B. C. to himself a moment later.

The B. C. expected that the Red Sweater would disappear by some magic as soon as he received the \$100. But he didn't. He took the B. C. by the arm and walked him away from the crowd. At this juncture he needed to be extremely careful in his effrontry. Without giving the B. C. time to collect his thoughts, he said impressively: "Of course I'm not in this business to make all the money for other people. You wouldn't expect that, would you?"

"No."

"No, of course not," and he handed the B. C. \$50.

"Good-bye."

On the way home the B. C. did a little arithmetic. "That tout made \$140 out of me," he finally concluded.

"Oh, well, I made \$40," he added.

JOHN RAINSFORD.



Isn't it awful for two boys to "scrap" as Mayor Howland and Chairman Jones of the School Board are doing—and both good Conservatives, too?

Old News Is No News.

A GOOD newspaper tries to give the people fresh news and to "dress up" old news in an attractive form. Most people like to hear again what they already know, but readers are few indeed who would approve the novelty attitude of the editor of a German paper published in America. He was very matter-of-fact, but a faithful, hard worker.

One night there was a great fire which destroyed the entire block opposite the newspaper office. The whole town turned out to see it, and the streets were crowded. The proprietor of the paper did not go out, but lay in bed dreaming of the fine display the story of the fire would make on the first page of his journal the next morning.

But when he opened the sheet at breakfast, there was not a word about the fire. With wrath in his eye he went to the office and burst into the sanctum of his German editor.

"Why," he thundered, "is there no mention in this morning's issue of the fire across the street last night?"

"Ach, mein lieber Herr," said the editor, calmly, "for vy vaste so much gute paper? Efrybody vas in de street, und see de fire himself. Vy should ve tell de tings vat de people seen already? Shall ve de news print or vat efrybody know? Dey haf seen de fire, but do dey know dat Schleifer has lost his dog? No. So I haf dat printed."

Why Not Settle the Question?

Although there are an ever increasing number of "proofs" of the rotundity of the earth, there is still some respect for the Indian theory of "the jumping-off place." Great as Marconi's success is, it must be a long time before he can give us wireless connections with the stars. But if Tesla is still on speaking terms with Mars, why not get him to tell our neighbor planet that she is round—perhaps it would settle a difficulty similar to ours—and ask her what kind of figure Mother Earth cuts?

W. A. C.

Rules For Summer Resorts.

Engagements made on these premises are not binding after two weeks.

Mariied men without their wives will please conceal their identity.

Terms—Whatever the cash you have.

Chaperons will not be permitted on the beach after 8.30 p.m.

Guests preparing to leave should notify the head waiter and all the bell-boys twenty-four hours in advance.—"Life."

"He has had an interesting career, hasn't he?" "Well rather. He has been through two fortunes, three wives and a sanitarium."—"Life."

**A Change of Pasture.**

Most decidedly he was clerical in cut and expression. Therefore I felt safe in addressing him as "Doctor."

(It is astonishing the number of Reverend Doctors nowadays. You can't turn around without bumping into one. At every church conference, assembly, synod or convention, they are as thick and as noisy as bullfrogs in a swamp township. Time was when the simple prefix "Reverend" was considered a sufficiently dignified badge of apostleship. Now the mere reverends are in the minority—almost in disgrace. In the presence of the more numerous and impressive "Doctors," the poor unfortunate fellows who have not arrived at that dignity must feel as mean and inexcusable as the schoolboy who never got a licking. The only ministers who are not D.D.'s are the very young and the very old ones—those who have not yet discovered how to pull wires and those who were too old to learn when the game started. But give the young fellows a chance and they will all be D.D.'s yet. The letters are susceptible of more than one interpretation.)

As I set out to say, he was clerical in cut and expression and I felt safe in calling him Doctor. "Yes, I am here for the General Assembly," said he. "I thought you might have the Podunk paper on your exchange list. Ah, thanks! May I take it with me? I wanted to see whether anything serious was doing in my absence. You see, one never knows what the opposition may go in for behind one's back. Now, in Podunk we have the Methodists, Baptists, Quakers and Christadelphians, in addition to our own congregation, and it's hardly safe to leave the field to so many proselytizing sects. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if the Methodists or Baptists got up a pie-social or something of that kind, just because my back is turned. I tell you the religious competition in our town's fierce. What size is Podunk? Well, we have four hundred and fifty of a population according to the census of 1900, and since then Tobias Hull's got married and the blacksmith's wife has had twins. Oh, Podunk's a stirring place, and it's not altogether safe for me to be here looking after the concerns of other congregations while my own flock is shepherdless, surrounded by ravening wolves on all hands.

"Still a man must take a holiday once in a while. The time is too trying. And I am always thankful when the Assembly meets in Toronto. The billets here are good and the bargains are perfectly grand. Why, last time I laid in enough granulated sugar, boots and shoes, shaker flannel, dress g oats and underclothes to last the entire family a year. I lost two of Podunk's leading merchants from my membership because they found it out. One went over to the Methodists and one to the Christadelphians. But they weren't much loss. Their theology never was sound, and besides they had not contributed for more than two years to the superannuation fund."

ASTERISK.

A Preacher of Patience.

WHEN, after a long and baffling day, spent fighting with intangible enemies or getting rubbed the wrong way by the thousand insignificant frictions that insult philosophy, you at length lay your weary head upon your pillow, what large and detached views does it not gradually suggest! It calms your boisterous

The Breakfast State of Mind.

WHY is breakfast "the most trying meal of the day?" asks a writer in the "Speculator." Why are people irritable at breakfast and disinclined to talk? Is it possible, perhaps, that there exists a particular breakfast bacillus, which thrives in the presence of bacon, coffee and buttered toast, and which attacks everybody who comes into the room where it lives, with a varying effect upon different constitutions? For the breakfast state of mind varies with different persons. There are several distinct classes into which the prevalent symptoms seem to fall. People do not behave in the same way at breakfast as at other meals, and though at dinner their moods may be practically indistinguishable — the states of mind of diners, that is, do not greatly vary — at breakfast they conduct themselves as differently as possible. There are some people, for instance, who are in offensively high spirits early in the morning; in a state of health, in short, which really is rightly described as rude. You can hear them coming downstairs, no matter how far the stairs are away from the dining-room, after slamming their bed-room doors with a resounding bang. They open the dining-room door as it they were pursued by a policeman, and probably slap their male friends on the back in an extremely provocative manner. During breakfast itself, while consuming great quantities of all kinds of food, they comment loudly on the small appetites of others, and insist upon drawing the attention of those who clearly wish to eat very little to the presence of everything which is edible in the room. They appear to be perfectly unconscious of the amount of suffering which their splendidly healthy habits inflict upon other persons of less robust constitutions, and are only able to suggest, in answer to possible complaints of a headache, that the complainant should resort to the particular dishes of which they have themselves eaten, and which they invariably describe as "quite excellent."

If the frame of mind of the rude and boisterous breakfaster is one extreme, the other extreme is the mental state of the man who goes through the meal in a condition of profound depression. He glances vaguely and uncomprehendingly at a succession of dishes, eventually taking the smallest possible amount of the dish that is easiest to get on with. He does not speak unless someone speaks to him, when he either answers shortly and sadly, or, more often, with obviously forced merriment and inconsequent laughter. Or—and perhaps this variant of the breakfast state of mind is a more striking antithesis to the rudely boisterous—his unbalanced mental attitude may be one of suppressed fury. Men have been known who every morning of their lives hold a kind of review of their acquaintances and friends, and in some cases of those whom they employ. They occupy the breakfast hour in passing, so to speak, down the front and rear ranks, and in trenchantly summing up the habits and qualifications of every man reviewed, ending in each case with the verdict that "he is an ass." Probably he is nothing of the kind; later in the day, indeed, he may become endowed with all the virtues, but from eight o'clock in the morning until he possesses for the furious breakfaster no characteristics except those of the idiot, or in exceptional cases, of the professional robber. Of course, between the extremes of the rudely boisterous and the profoundly depressed or trenchantly furious breakfast states of mind there are others less definite. The curious case came under the observation of the present writer of a man who, although in every respect temperate and healthy, did not find himself able to breakfast until everyone else had finished. He was accustomed to get up at the same time as everyone else, but knowing that others staying in the same house were breakfasting in the ordinary way downstairs, he would pace up and down his room waiting until a footman, specially instructed, brought in the news that breakfast was over. He would then enter the dining-room with an excellent appetite, which, however, failed him completely should any fellow-guest by chance return to the room. But nothing, in any case, exhausted his patience. If it happened that a late guest remained at the breakfast-table half an hour longer than the rest, he accepted the situation with complete equanimity, nor, upon any consideration, would he consent to breakfast in his own room, or anywhere except at a deserted table.

Many other instances can be cited which tend to show that the instinct of insects does not resemble human reason. On the other hand, insects sometimes do things which do not seem to be the result of pure automatism. Darwin found that even earthworms exhibit more adaptability to circumstances than was shown by Mr. Beard's imprisoned bee in the glass jar.

Lumbago.

A Nova Scotia Man Has Found a Sure Remedy.

Claims That Lumbago Can be Cured—He Himself Had suffered For 35 Years—Hope for Apparently Hopeless Cases.

Economy Point, N.S., June 9.—(Special)—Mr. George S. McLaughlin of this place claims to have found a remedy which will cure any case of Lumbago.

Mr. McLaughlin himself has been a great sufferer with this disease, and has sought relief in very many treatments and remedies.

At last, however, he came across a medicine which completely cured him, and which he claims any sufferer from Lumbago should be told of.

He says:

"I was troubled with Lame Back for 25 years or more. Sometimes it was so severe I could not turn myself in bed.

"A slight cold or hard lifting would bring on a fearful attack and give me awful pain.

"I had tried many medicines and treatments, but never found anything to do me any good until I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"My brother, who kept a small grocery store and sold some medicines, told me that he had heard that they had cured a great many people of Lumbago, and he advised me to try them.

"I commenced a treatment, and in a short time all the pain left my back, and it became as stout and strong as ever.

"Wonderful to say, I have had no return of the terrible Lumbago since.

"It is now some years since I was cured, and I have said nothing about it, for I was afraid it would come back, and that I would have to keep on using the Pills in order to be well.

"But now I am satisfied it is gone forever, and know that I am safe in making this public statement.

"I believe Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any case of Lumbago or Lame Back, for they helped me out, and nobody could have it much worse than I had."

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some persons to but one desire—namely, to get the thing over as soon as possible. "Early or late, winter or summer, work or holidays, two dams and a cup of coffee—that's my breakfast," was the succinct comment of one who invariably began the day in a quite unnecessary hurry.

Health For Little Ones.

Baby's Own Tablets Make Children Well and Keep Them Well.

If your children are subject to colic, indigestion or any stomach trouble; if they are troubled with constipation, diarrhoea, or any of the ills that afflict little ones, give them Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine will give relief right away, making sound, refreshing sleep possible. It will put children on the highroad to health at once. It is doing this to-day for thousands of children in all parts of the country. Mrs. R. L. McFarlane, Bristol, Que., says: "I take pleasure in testifying to the merits of Baby's Own Tablets. I have used them for my baby since she was three months old, and previous to using them she was a delicate child. She is now quite the reverse, as she is plump, healthy and strong. I think Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine in the world for little ones." These Tablets are good for children of all ages, and dissolved in water or crushed to a powder, they can be given with absolute safety to the youngest, weakest baby. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drugs. Sold by all dealers at 25 cents a box, or sent postpaid by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

The Stupidity of Instinct.

ARE insects, bees for instance, so very intelligent after all, or does their instinct resemble automatism instead of reason? Mr. J. Carter Beard has assembled a number of interesting instances in the "Scientific American" which lead to the conclusion that the wonderful results often accomplished by insects are due, not to intelligence, but to automatic obedience to external or internal stimuli. We might as well, he thinks, call a watch intelligent as an insect.

In one instance it appears that house-flies exhibit more appearance of real intelligence than do honey-bees. Take a large glass jar with a wide mouth, says Mr. Beard, and imprison in it a bee and some flies. Put the bottom of the jar against a window-pane; draw the curtains around the jar and then uncork the mouth. The flies will quickly find their way out of the open mouth into the room, but the bee will stupidly continue to try to get through the glass where it sees the light and will never think of exploring in the other direction. But perhaps this shows, no superior intelligence on the part of the flies, but less attraction to the light or a greater variety of stimuli to motion.

The bee's whole existence seems to depend upon routine. She always does the same things in the same way and exhibits no capacity to profit by, or repair the effects of, accident. Mason-bees, for instance, build little thimble-shaped structures of mud, half fill them with honey and pollen, then lay their eggs therein and top off the construction with a roof. If a hole is made in the bottom of one of these thimbles while the building is going on, and the honey is allowed to run out, the stupid bee, even after discovering the hole, makes no attempt to stop it up, but continues to pour in the honey at the top, allowing it to run away at the bottom, until, the proper amount required by instinct having been put in, she lays her eggs and seals up the top, content with her vain labor.

Many other instances can be cited which tend to show that the instinct of insects does not resemble human reason.

On the other hand, insects sometimes do things which do not seem to be the result of pure automatism. Darwin found that even earthworms exhibit more adaptability to circumstances than was shown by Mr. Beard's imprisoned bee in the glass jar.

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"I'd like to know how they knew we had just been married."

Wild Animals I Do Not Want to Know.

IN the days of the Ark, they of the animal kingdom were admitted, two by two, on suffrage. In Paradise, they sported at harness, mythic ease, untroubled by man and his theories. But the antediluvian days passed by. The animals became as man, knowing good and evil, and having, moreover, ways of their own. It all began with the flood. Up to that time they were roughly classed as "cattle and everything after their kind." They were to be fruitful and multiply and fill the earth, and man was to rule over them. So went they into the Ark, two by two; but so, alas, came they not out. They have been fruitful; they have multiplied, and filled the earth; and to-day man, their master, is prostrate before them. He studies their ways, prowling through underbrush, on all fours, to observe them sporting on their native heath. He wriggles on his stomach. His position is too humble for him, no attitude too cramped. He is gathering material for the next new popular book on animals.

One cannot help wondering a little how it has come about. Hints of it crop out in the Old Testament—after the flood. The animals are no longer creeping things and cattle after their kind. They are found taking on names and a certain individuality. There is the ram caught by its horns to serve in place of Isaac on the altar of sacrifice, and the bears that eat up bad little children, and the Ass that speaks, and the Lions of Daniel, and the Whale of Jonah. All these are historical personages, with David and Saul and Noah—with the strange winged creature of Ezekiel, and Apocalyptic visions of beasts with heads and horns and crowns and candlesticks and Sarcophagi.

The biblical writers did not hesitate, it would seem, to draw on the animal kingdom when necessary to make clear the ways of God to man. With a fine disregard of zoology and fact, they drove home the truth. And their words live even to this day. But animal lore has changed. We are asked to give up Jonah and the whale, as being a tax on cruelty. We are offered, in place of it, either "Wild Animals That I Have Known" or "The Outcasts." The bears of Elijah the prophet are replaced by "The Bears of Blue River" by the author of "When Knighthood Was in Flower." And Balaam's Ass becomes a Coyote whose favorite message is "Yip-ki-ki—Yah!" Imagination, like Jerushan, has waxed fat and kicks.

Perhaps the Jungle Books did it. A traveler "from across the pond" said, "There is one thing they greatly prize, And that's a cup of mud bliss, And if you want to know, 'tis this, Salada."

"Try not" Oolong, the Grocer said: "This is the tea that soothes the head. Even Lipton must his 'Brands' give up. Since he has failed to lift the Cup."

"O, stay," his neighbor said, "and take just one more sip for friendship's sake. I thought of home—"My husband's there. Without his tea he will despair."

Salada.

"In happy homes (she) saw the light. Of stoves that glowed, And kettles bright. All boiling hard as hard could be, For why? their inmates all drank tea, Salada."

"Try not" Oolong, the Grocer said: "This is the tea that soothes the head. Even Lipton must his 'Brands' give up. Since he has failed to lift the Cup."

"Tall or short?" she took in my six feet one.

"Stout or thin?"

"Medium."

"Very like—"

"Very like yourself," she interrupted. "But of course that doesn't matter, so far as I can see. All I want to know is what does dreaming about marriage mean? You say that it can't mean marriage?"

"I didn't say anything of the sort, Bea. It—er—does mean marriage. The only question is as to the man you are going to marry. That's why I required a particular description of him."

"You certainly said that a dream must mean the opposite," she insisted.

"But surely you don't mean to hold me down to a foolish statement of that kind."

"A foolish statement! Why, Hugh, I thought—do you know anything about dreams at all?" she asked, suspiciously.

"To be candid, I do not. Bea. But—"

"Well, I'm sorry that we have wasted so much time," she said. "I'm going now to see Aunt Sarah. I'm sure she knows all about dreams, and—"

"And that's the least doubt about that," I said, thinking of those charming, if slightly indigestible suppers which we had been having.

"Perhaps if you could tell me some of the dreams," I suggested.

"Well, last night I narrowly escaped being burned to death in a fire at the house at which I was staying."

"No difficulty there," I said promptly.

"It means marriage."

"Not—not death?" she asked, somewhat anxiously.

"Death? No. What put that into your head?"

"The night before I dreamed that I saw a coffin and—"

"My dear Bea! You must allow me to congratulate you."

"Why?"

"It is quite evident that you are to be married soon. The coffin is—er—marriage again."

"No—I mean it corroborates the fire."

She looked at me with some distrust.

"I hope you know what you are talking about. The coffin couldn't very well corroborate the fire, as it came first, and—"

"Ah, you don't understand dreams."

I cut in, anxious to restore her faith in my powers. "In real life, of course, the corroboration couldn't come first, but it's quite different in dream life."

"Oh—oh!" She waited for a moment or two and then added: "I suppose dreams always mean something exactly opposite?"

She seemed anxious that I should answer the question in the affirmative, so, of course, I hastened to do so.

"That is the case. I never heard of a dream episode being enacted in real life."

She gave a sigh of relief. I imagined.

"Three nights ago I dreamed that I was being married," she said. "What did that mean? That I am to be an old maid?"

"It meant—," I said, and then

"stimulates and tones the digestive organs enabling the stomach to digest perfectly. Those who suffer will find Abbey's Salt a perfect corrective of all stomach disorders. Dyspepsia cannot be cured by doctoring the effect. Abbey's Salt removes the causes by enabling the stomach to do its work properly. A mild laxative. At all druggists."

**Invalids Can Sleep In Hot Weather****IF Fan Motors**



It is expected that the march music at the Coronation will include A. C. Mackenzie's new Coronation march, the march specially written by Saint-Saens, Dr. Elgar's "Imperial March," Dr. Cowen's "Coronation March," and Tschalikowski's march. There is an embarrassment of riches in the way of marches to select from, the Musicians' Company's prize alone bringing forward three hundred examples of this class of composition.

Herr Wilhelmj has purchased the splendid Guarnerius violin which belonged to the late George Hart, author of "The Violin and Its Makers," and famous the world over as a violin collector. Mr. Hart refused many offers for this violin, as he considered it unrivaled in richness and power of tone. His son has, however, been induced to part with the instrument, it is said, by the offer of £2,000 and the promise that Herr Wilhelmj will once more appear in public and play upon it.

Pupils of Mr. Frank S. Welsman, our popular young piano virtuoso and teacher, gave an interesting recital on Monday evening in the theater of the Normal School. Among the numbers that may be noted were Chaminade's "Minuet" and Chopin's "Valse in E minor," played by Miss May Macfarlane with much musical taste and technical ability; the Chopin Etudes, op. 25, Nos. 1 and 2, and Grieg's "Wedding March," by Miss Kate Marquis, in which she displayed much talent and considerable temperament; Liszt's "Liebestraume," by Miss Theodora Kirkpatrick, and the Raff "Rigaudon," by Miss Mabel Wolff, both effectively rendered; Grieg's "Album Leaf" and "Ich liebe Dich," by Miss Ella Crompton, who gave an interpretation of the Norwegian music, characterized by much finish; and the Verdi-Liszt "Rigoletto," by Miss Helen Grasset, who played with her accustomed brilliancy. Miss Florence Turner, one of our promising young pianists, gave Dreyschock's "Minuet" very neatly and cleverly. Assistance was given by Miss Florence Kitchen, a talented violin pupil of Mr. Klingenberg, and Miss Margaret Nelson, a vocal pupil of Miss Graham. There was a large audience, which was very liberal of applause.

It is worthy of note that on the occasion of a string quintette recently played in London by the Joachim Quartette, with the assistance of Mr. Alfred Gibson at the second viola, all the five instruments used were the handiwork of Stradivarius. The dates of these "gems" are: Joachim's, 1715; Hall's, 1715; Wirth's viola, 1721; Gibson's viola, 1728; and Haussmann's violoncello, 1724. Herr Joachim is said to possess three Strads, of the date 1715.

It will be difficult to beat the significance of the misspelling of a recent announcement which appeared in the columns of the "Scotsman" in its May-day issue. We read that "Mr. Arthur M'Kisch, the conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic, occupied the desk for the third concert of the London festival," that "Mr. M'Kisch conducted everything from memory," and we find a reference to "young pianist of wonderful technical ability, Mr. Markham Bourg." Was this Scotch appropriation of our old friends Nikisch and Mark Hamborg a mere accident?

The production of Dr. Villiers Stanford's opera, "Much Ado About Nothing," in Berlin last April seems to have been attended with gratifying success. The composer was recalled no fewer than sixteen times, and his opera received more praise than it ever gained in London. The Berlin "Boersen Courier," in its notice of the performance, said: "The great and genuine success of the work will induce German theaters to add it to their repertoires; the more so as it gives us music which is indeed individual in invention and style. Dr. Stanford has set a libretto which follows Shakespeare's comedy closely, and he has created a work replete with charm, extremely melodious, and finely orchestrated. During the prevalent dearth of good operas it deserves, and after its Leipzig success will receive, special consideration. Manager Goldberg had staged the work splendidly, and the gratitude which composed and public showed him was richly deserved. The public received the opera with great applause, and honored the composer, the stage manager, and the performers of the chief parts by numerous recalls." All this makes pleasant reading, the more especially after the chorus of malevolent slander which the German press sang incessantly about the British in South Africa.

London has been roused to enthusiasm over the singing of a new tenor at the opera there, one Signor Caruso, who made his debut in "Rigoletto." According to "Truth," he is a typical tenor of the old Italian school. "A truer and more beautiful tenor voice of the luscious Italian type has not been heard in London since the days of Puccini. It has none of the harshness of nasal quality, which so many modern Italian or French singers affect, and while it is almost as powerful as that of Tamagno himself, it is of that round, velvety quality which marks the true tenor. Nothing could have been more beautiful than the love duet between him and Melba in the second act." The "Times" said: "He has a superb voice in both timbre and volume, and it is used with great skill and admirable taste," while the "Daily News" remarked: "The coming tenor has arrived. . . . He has a delightful mezzo voice, and his voice is of that soft, velvety timbre which old opera-goers will associate with Fanelli, and still older men with Giugliani; although combined, when its owner chooses, with the full power of a Tamagno." All of which makes one devoutly wish that the new tenor may one day be heard in Toronto. But let it be soon, and before Signor Caruso's

voice becomes threadbare with years and tears of use."

The London "Morning Leader" thus compares Germany's two most prominent orchestral conductors: "The contrast between Nikisch's conducting on Wednesday night and Fells' Wein-gartner's yesterday afternoon was almost too sharp. The two men are at opposite poles in temperament. Nikisch is Hungarian, and revels in strenuous passion. The lyrical side of his nature is more developed; he does not care for restraint except as an artistic means to heighten his frenetic outbursts. Wein-gartner is Teutonic, a sworn foe of the tempo rubato, prima-donna conductor. Wein-gartner has energy for a climax. But it is a precise, objective energy. On the lyrical side he seems to me a trifle dry and wanting in impulse. Last year he gave us a wonderful performance of Beethoven's C minor Symphony, but, when all is said, it was more amazing for its intellectual qualities than for its poetical. It was brilliant in the extreme; the orchestra scintillated with piercing, white lights; everything was as clean-cut as the facets of a diamond. But I missed a golden glow; the magnificence was chilly. Yesterday he chose a dull programme, which helped to make the contrast between him and Nikisch more marked."

Speaking of "The Dream of Geronimo," London "Truth" says: "It probably never occurred to Dr. Elgar that in his most ambitious oratorio he was an emissary of Popery. The Bishop of Worcester, however, it seems, has solemnly addressed the dean and chapter upon the point, and these worthies have arrived at the conclusion that certain alterations must be made in Cardinal Newman's noble poem before the oratorio is allowed to be given at the coming festival. If the consciences of the people of Worcester are very delicate, there is nothing more to be said; although I should have imagined that Popery would not have made gigantic strides in the 'Faithfull city' even if the oratorio had been given in the form in which it was first, and harmlessly enough, produced at the Birmingham Musical Festival two years ago. Dr. Elgar, however, is by no means wedded to the doctrinal side of his oratorios, if doctrinal side there be, and he has informed the Bishop and all concerned that they may make what alterations they please in Cardinal Newman's poem. The incident is calculated to mightily amuse the intelligent foreigner, and I fancy also it will excite a smile from the sensible Briton."

One of the most successful of a series of recitals was given at the Toronto College of Music on Thursday evening of last week by Miss Lillian Kirby and Mr. O. B. Dorland. Miss Kirby is a contralto of power and range. The programme chosen enabled her to display her fine voice, and the flexibility of her vocalization gave proof of careful study, technical and otherwise. Her numbers were "O Rest in the Lord," "Elijah," Mendelssohn; "But the Lord is Mindful," "St. Paul," Mendelssohn; "God Shall Wipe Away All Tears," Sullivan; "O Divine Redeemer," Gounod; "The Unseen Land," Bowers; "Ah, s'estinto," "Donna Caritea," Mercadante; "Elena, Oh tu chi in Chiano," "La Donna del Lago," Rossini. Mr. Dorland, a baritone of good quality, sang at the Grand Trunk city office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets, and ask for itinerary of 2 to 30 day-trips, embracing charming Muskoka, Lake of Bays, Georgian Bay, St. Lawrence River, White Mountains, seaside resorts, Portland, Boston, New York, or tours to the North-West and Pacific Coast. Tourist tickets now on sale.

Wedding or Vacation Trips.

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A June Song.

And it's Oh, for the month of June,
When the wrens singin' close to the moon,
And a man and a maiden meet
Down the road where the pathways meet
Never a one may tire
Till hand hath been closed in hand
On the highway of Happy Land.

And it's Oh, for the month of June,
That is timed to an organ tune,
When the blush of the rose's grace
Is caught from the young bride's face.
When the wren is a maiden singin'
Clasped round in a wedding ring
And a man and a maiden stand
On the highway of Happy Land.
—Theodosia Garrison, in "Life."

Monkey Brand Soap cleans kitchen utensils, steel, iron and tinware, knives and forks, and all kinds of cutlery.

A Photographic Introduction.

MANY years ago, when tinytives first came into general use, the booth where pictures were made "while you wait" was the center of a large crowd at every county fair and popular resort. An old-time photographer tells an experience he had long ago, before the secrets of the camera were known to everybody.

He had set up a tent at a county fair, and was trying to drum trade. He stood outside his tent, calling in true-hawker fashion the merits of his pictures. The people who gathered around were interested and curious, but somewhat what in awe of the little black box inside the tent. Finally the photographer thought he might set the sheep to running by singling out one of the crowd and taking his picture free. Standing near each other were a young man and a young woman. Thinking that they would like to be taken together, and that the two would have more courage to face the camera than a lone victim, the photographer called out:

"That gentleman right there and that lady, come inside and I'll give you pictures in two minutes, free of charge!"

The two looked at each other, grinned, and finally came inside the tent.

"Stand right there," said the photographer. "That's it. Now hold still a minute. There you are. Now wait till I finish 'em up."

In a few minutes he handed them each a tintype in a pink paper frame. They looked at the pictures curiously.

Then the young woman blushed and her companion grinned and giggled.

"Like 'em?" asked the photographer, briskly, thinking of possible customers in the crowd outside.

"Waah," said the man, slowly, "it looks like her, and I guess it looks like me, but ye see, I didn't know and I guess she didn't know we was goin' to be in the same picture."

"Thought you'd like 'em that way," answered the photographer. "Pleasant souvenir of your visit to the fair together."

"Waal, yes, but you see we didn't come together. I never seen her before."

Then the two snickered, and the photographer bowed them out as quickly as he could.

That year he did a good business, and

doubtedly a lion of magnitude. The British public has a marvelous respect for a good conductor, and this Richard Wagner undoubtedly is. But it seems to us extremely improbable that he will excite any enthusiasm as a composer, notwithstanding the fact that selections from his "Lohengrin" have been received with favor. They were undoubtedly curious—as selections from an opera composed entirely from recitative must be—and some novel orchestral effects may have given them piquancy. Except as curiosities, we cannot perceive how these selections could be endurable. The entire opera of "Lohengrin," from beginning to end, does not contain a dozen bars of melody. It is the wildest kind of rambling, utterly destitute of form or sequence."

Emile Gautier has written a plea for the despised accordion. He calls it the poor man's piano forte, and wonders why it should be so overlooked outside of Russia, where it is the national instrument. There all the regiments have their accordion-players, whose lively notes relieve the monotony of long marches. The instrument is in every sense an artistic one, because it embodies the required qualities; it gives accurate and melodious sounds in conformity with the rules of music. The keyboard is extensive enough to bring forth the most delicate shades of tone. It gives even an orchestral richness, in small volume. Under the measured action of the bellows, which plays the part of the bow, it affords all the inflections and modulations of the violin in its upper register. In the lower register it resembles the violoncello. Of course this warmth of praise belongs to the instruments of the best French make, not to those which are hastily put together for an undiscriminating market. Seventy-three years ago the accordion was invented in Vienna by a man named Damian. The invention embodied a wonderful knowledge of music, together with an astonishing calculation and skill. When the instrument came out it was a triumph, but the public soon regarded it with indifference.

Speaking of Mr. Chrystal Brown's singing at St. Catharines the "Standard" says: "Chrystal Brown is a splendid singer. He is without doubt one of the finest tenors ever heard in St. Catharines. His interpretation is good and his enunciation perfect, and St. Catharines will wish to hear him again." Mr. Brown has been engaged as musical director at Grimsby Park and has also several long concert trips booked for the fall. He will, in consequence, give up choir singing for a time, and has resigned his position at St. James' Square Church.

CHERUBINO.

Call at the Grand Trunk city office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets, and ask for itinerary of 2 to 30 day-trips, embracing charming Muskoka, Lake of Bays, Georgian Bay, St. Lawrence River, White Mountains, seaside resorts, Portland, Boston, New York, or tours to the North-West and Pacific Coast. Tourist tickets now on sale.

A June Song.

And it's Oh, for the month of June,
When the wrens singin' close to the moon,
And a man and a maiden meet
Down the road where the pathways meet
Never a one may tire
Till hand hath been closed in hand
On the highway of Happy Land.

And it's Oh, for the month of June,
That is timed to an organ tune,
When the blush of the rose's grace
Is caught from the young bride's face.
When the wren is a maiden singin'
Clasped round in a wedding ring
And a man and a maiden stand
On the highway of Happy Land.
—Theodosia Garrison, in "Life."

Monkey Brand Soap cleans kitchen utensils, steel, iron and tinware, knives and forks, and all kinds of cutlery.

A Photographic Introduction.

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"Waal, yes, but you see we didn't come together. I never seen her before."

Then the two snickered, and the photographer bowed them out as quickly as he could.

That year he did a good business, and

at the next fair he set up his booth again. One day a young couple came in and greeted him with smiles of doubtful recognition. It was the young man and woman of the year before.

"How do you do?" cried the photographer. "I—I see you know each other now."

"Yes," answered the man, looking sheepishly at the girl. "My folks know some folks of hers over to Hopkins, and when they seen her picture they recognized it. An' that's how we got acquainted."

"I'm very glad," said the photographer. "So'm I; ain't you, Lizzie?"

"Yes," said Lizzie, shyly.

The Sinful Brother.

It was at a certain church meeting, and the good bishop was calling for reports. He had a rather stern, sharp manner which sometimes jarred a little on the nerves of the more timid. By and by he came to Brother B., a lay delegate.

"Brother B., what is the spiritual condition of your church?" demanded the bishop, briskly.

"I consider it good," said the brother.

"What makes you think it is good?" went on the bishop.

"Well, the people are religious. That's what makes me think so."

"What do you call religious? Do they have family prayer?"

"Some of them do and some do not."

"Do you mean to say that a man may be a Christian, and not hold family prayer?"

"Do you hold family prayer?"

"Yes, sir," returned the brother.

"And yet you think a man may be a Christian and not hold family prayer?"

"I have a brother who is a better man than I am who does not hold family prayer."

"What makes you think he is a better man than you are?"

"Everybody says so, and I know he is."

"Why does not your brother, if he is such a good man, hold family prayer?" thundered the bishop.

"He has no family," meekly answered the brother.

English Humor.

Mr. Max Beerbohm, in a recent review, writes that he has codified, as it were, all the English comic papers, and finds the following list to comprise, in the order of their importance, all of the subjects discussed:

Mothers-in-law.
Hen-pecked husbands.
Twins.
Old maids.
Jews.

Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, negroes (not Russians or other foreigners of any denomination).

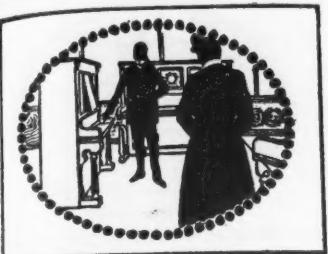
Fatness.
Thinness.
Long hair (worn by a man).
Baldness.
Sea-sickness.
Stuttering.
Bloomers.
Bad cheese.
Shooting the moon (slang expression for leaving a lodging-house without paying the bill).
Red noses.

"What's yer daddy a-doin' these days?" "Well, when he ain't a-fishin' he's a-lyin' roun', an' when he's a-fishin' he's a-lyin' anyhow!"—Atlanta Constitution.

And it's Oh, for the month of June,

That is timed to an organ tune,

When the blush of the rose's grace



MASON & RISCH PIANOS

Satisfy the most exacting.



Warerooms—32 King St. West

MAKING A WILL . . .

The greater the efforts put forth by an individual to accumulate property for the benefit of his family or others the more difficult it becomes the duty of making a will.

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The Queen's Royal Hotel,

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

Will open for the season June 21st. Specially low rates will be made for the month of June.

WINNETT & THOMPSON PROPRIETORS.

First-Class Boarding

In one of the choicest locations of Toronto with every modern accommodation. Suitable for social, professional and business patrons.

A. M. SNELL, 39 GROSVENOR ST., TORONTO.

Fairweather

Golfing Hats

One of the newest arrivals in the Ladies' Hat Department is our exclusive little line of Ladies' Golfing Hats; they're in a nice light "stitched" serge—scarlet, green and white—they're away out of the ordinary in style, and made by one of New York's best known fashioners—they're suitable for most anybody as an outing hat—the price is..... 2.50

Special Right from our own buyer in London (England) a choice parcel of ladies' Manillas—Panamas—and Straw Braids—Coronation favorites—SEE THEM.

84 Yonge St.

Social and Personal.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 11th inst., Mr. Neil C. McGregor of Whitby, Ont., was married to Miss Penelope (Dolly) Greene, daughter of Mr. Thomas G. Greene, sr., at 41 Kensington avenue, the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. G. A. Kuhring of the Church of the Ascension, with which both the young people were connected. After the ceremony the bridal couple left for a honeymoon in the South, at the end of which they will make their home in Kensington avenue, in this city.

*
Mrs. Donald Macnaughton, Napanee, is the guest of Mrs. J. B. Reed, at the Queen's.

*
Rev. F. A. Homer, Dormston, Sedgley, England, has arrived on a visit to Canada, and is the guest of Mrs. Horner-Dixon, Palmerston.

*
Mr. F. McGillivray Knowles is forming his usual sketching class for July and August. This year the class will work in the vicinity of Burlington. A small launch is to be available for excursions in search of the picturesque. Mrs. Knowles will accompany the class. Those wishing for this useful and delightful summer sketching experience should let Mr. Knowles have their names immediately, as the number is limited. All arrangements are made by him for board and tuition.

*
The ladies who planned the pictureque Shim Boi Kai last year and the successful and jolly progressive charity eucne at McConkey's in aid of the Western Hospital have a garden party on the tapis just now. The date is June 21. The Band of the 48th Highlanders will give one of those concerts "en plein air" over which our neighbors to the south have gone wild. Decorations and illuminations will be, as always, well done. On the whole, with the warm weather promised, the garden party in the grounds of the hospital, Bathurst street, will be a great success.

*
Varsity commencement took place yesterday in the gym. at half-past two o'clock.

*
Dr. Charles Riggs and his party are, I hear, to leave to-day for Bobcaygeon. Dr. and Mrs. Murray McFarlane are also going to spend some time fishing in that vicinity.

*
Mr. R. S. Williams, C.B. of C., was in town for the Board of Trade banquet. Dr. Sheard and his family are at their Island residence. Their Jarvis street home is altogether unrecognizable, with its new face on, a very handsome and imposing face, too.

*
Dr. and Mrs. Small are home from their wedding trip. Mrs. Stanley Clark is at the Welland. Mrs. Ham and her brother, Mr. J. Knighton Chase, are going to St. Catharines to-day for a short stay. Mr. Chase leaves for England next Thursday. He will be much missed as one of the jolliest visitors whom we have welcomed in a very long time.

*
Mrs. Gooderham Mitchell (nee Buchanan) held her first receptions on Thursday and yesterday afternoons. Mrs. R. L. Johnston (nee Craig) also held her post-nuptial receptions on the same afternoons.

*
Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton have returned from a long visit south. Mrs. Hamilton is going west to visit her people.

*
Hon. W. S. Fielding ran up to Toronto for Sunday to see his young daughter, who is at school here, before leaving for the Coronation, and returned to Ottawa at 10 p.m.

*
Several interesting golf matches have recently been played. One meets the little scarlet coats everywhere, and their bright and happy wearers seem always to be full of enjoyment of the game, even if beaten at it.

*
Dr. and Mrs. A. T. Drummond of Kingston have taken Professor Wilson's house in Jarvis street for the summer.

*
Bishop and Mrs. Awdey of Japan and Lady Pearson have been the guests of Mrs. Becher at Sylvan Tower, Rosedale, during their stay in town.

*
The marriage of Miss Jarvis and Mr. Laurd Boyd is to take place this afternoon in St. Simon's Church, Howard street. It is safe to say that no fairer bride had knelt for the church's blessing in this city for many a day than this sweet and amiable girl, who has the most sincere and affectionate wishes for her happiness from hundreds of friends.

*
A successful recital was given on Tuesday night at the Toronto Junction College of Music by piano pupils of Miss Macmillan, when a crowded house showed its appreciation of the character of the programme by prolonged applause after many of the numbers. Assistance was given by Miss Margaret Meek of Toronto and Miss Edith Jane, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Whyte, were married. The closing concert will be given on June 24.

*
Sir Charles Ross and Lady Ross were in town this week, guests at the Queen's Hotel.

*
On Thursday afternoon Miss Evelyn

Louise Perrin, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Poyntz Perrin, and Mr. Elliott Sterling Dean were married by Rev. Carey Ward in St. Peter's Church, Carlton street. The church was decorated with white blossoms, and a smart company assembled to witness the marriage at half-past two o'clock. It was a simple and unpretentious wedding, but graced by a beautiful and girlish looking bride, in a dainty little bridal gown of sheer and silky white mouseline, with many little tucks and frills, a soft cloud of tulle over her pretty fair hair, and the orthodox crown of orange blossoms becomingly set over all. The bouquet was of white roses and lily of the valley, and the only jewels worn by the bride were pearls, in a long neck-chain. Her bridesmaids were Miss Florence Bird and Miss Gladys Walker, and the sweet little maid of honor winsome Miss Alleyne Birchall of Montreal. These three young girls wore white organdie touched with pink, and picture hats of white tulip, and carried pink roses. Mr. Melton R. Jennings was groomsman, and Mr. Charles Evans-Lewis, Mr. George Kelly, Mr. Harry Martin and Mr. Walter Sadler were the four ushers. A reception was held after the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents in Bleeker street. Mr. and Mrs. Dean went across the lake on the later afternoon boat to Niagara to begin their honeymoon. They will make their home in Toronto.

*
There will be a garden party at Trinity College on June 24, for which cards are out this week.

*
A most sumptuous gown was made by Mrs. Bishop for Mrs. Harry Pellatt's presentation at the King's drawing-room, after the coronation, and a description of the beautiful dress may interest Mrs. Pellatt's many friends here. A princess robe of richest ivory satin, with the skirt flaring from knee to hem, and each seam joined with open embroidery over a triple underskirt of white taffeta, chiffon and real Chantilly falling deeply in a circular design. The robe was deeply flounced with handsome rose point, slightly festooned above which were trails of embroidered roses; full in front and tapering toward the train. Rose point lace formed the bertha, with more of the "roses brodes" and armlet band of lace and roses embroidered in smaller design. The court train about twelve feet in length, was caught to the left shoulder and just below the right waistline. The same open embroideries attached the widths of the court train, and it was lined with foamy ruffles of white chiffon over taffeta; the lace and roses of the princess robe were duplicated on the court train. To the unimaginative mind these meagre details will not convey much, but to those who know Mrs. Pellatt and admire her many fine points, particularly the wonder of her plentiful golden hair, it will not be difficult to feel a bit proud of Toronto's representative when she makes her court curtseys.

*
The Premier of Ontario and his son, Mr. Will Ross, sailed to-day for the Coronation.

*
Mr. and Mrs. W. Bright, who have been at the Arlington since their return from their honeymoon, are spending the summer on the Island.

*
Mr. Vaux Chadwick has rented his Island cottage for the season to a party of young bachelors, who are having a grand time.

*
Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet is enjoying a visit from her mother at her home in St. George street.

*
Mrs. John L. Davidson was prevented from going down with the party who presented the flag at Quebec by a slight indisposition. Her disappointment may be imagined, and was fully shared in by the ladies with whom she has worked so faithfully for the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire.

*
Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Hall are down from Dawson City on a visit to Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Hall at Hahnemann Villa, Jarvis street.

*
Colonel Macpherson and Rev. Dr. Herridge of Ottawa are the guests of Mr. Osborne of Clover Hill.

*
Mr. Dahl Laurie, son of Mrs. John Laurie of 990 Dorchester street, Mount Royal, and Miss Blanche Cobban, were married last Tuesday in Montreal. Mr. Laurie is a relative of the Windham family here, and his marriage interested many Toronto friends.

*
Lady Beverley Robinson left the other day for a visit in Brantford. I hear that Sir Charles and Lady Robinson are going to reside in England.

*
Mr. Mackenzie took a party of eight up to Winnipeg on his private car as soon as the Daughters of the Empire got back from Quebec.

*
Mr. Lloyd Harris of Brantford is taking a course at Stanley Barracks.

*
Mrs. Bruce Harmon is going to Lake Memphremagog for the vacation. Mrs. Handyside of Montreal will join her there.

*
This prettiest wedding of the season took place in Knox Church, Winnipeg, on Wednesday, when Mr. Charles Manuel Meek of Toronto and Miss Edith Jane, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Whyte, were married. The closing concert will be given on June 24.

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For over a quarter of a century we have been supplying the people of Canada with these goods, and we have now got them near perfection. They are the best constructed, most convenient and durable made.

*
Our **Guarantee is** a smaller consumption of ice, a lower temperature, and an absolutely dry atmosphere with perfect ventilation.

*
Write for catalogue, or call and see the goods and buy direct from the manufacturers.

JOHN HILLOCK & CO.
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A Hot Bath
in less than 15 minutes, at a cost of half a cent, by using

Bigley's Imperial Gas Water Heater

It is in use in large public institutions, hotels, private residences, etc.

See it in operation or send for circular.

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How Do You Pronounce the Name of the Beautiful Summer Resort in the Georgian Bay, Illustrated Below?



MINNIGOGANASHENE

People who have enjoyed the hospitality of the Minnecaganashene pronounce it one of the finest places in the Highlands of Ontario.

The cut shows the main house, to which four delightful cottages serve as annexes—also below is given a bird's-eye view of the locality.

A handsome booklet has just been issued giving full particulars. As a work of art it is well worth having. Copies can be obtained on application to the "Minnecaganashene," Penetang P.O., or at the G.T.R. Office, cor. King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

For the safety and convenience of his guests the proprietor has recently installed five of the latest **SICHE GAS** plants, one for each residence, besides a special plant for one of his fleet of boats. This latest improvement has put "Minnecog" in the front rank on perhaps the only point on which it may have been said to be lacking, and the equipment may now be considered perfect in every detail.

The **Siche Gas Co.** are busy installing plants in many summer resorts and several private residences in the Muskoka Lakes.

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N. B.—VISITORS TO THE CORONATION should secure our Travellers' Letters of Credit on J. S. Morgan & Co., London, and Morgan, Harjes Co., Paris. These credits are available in all parts of the world.

This building is beautifully decorated with palms and lilies of the valley. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Duval. Mr. Toller of Toronto was groomsman, and Miss Lucy Smith, Port Arthur, and Miss Whyte, sister of the bride, bridesmaids. Mr. and Mrs. Meek left on the private car "Earnings" for the west coast, Colorado, Vancouver and San Francisco.

Thrilling Moments.

"Johnnie," called the mother; "I want you to go to the store for me." "Walt a second, maw," replied the youth, who was absorbed in a five-cent volume; "Pepperhole Pete has



8 PERFECT INSTRUMENTS

Humane Swine Y, Stock Marker and Galf

Rocking Makes 48 different tear marks, all

sizes, with same date. Extra Horns.

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thirty-seven Injuns to kill, an' it'll only

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CONSTIPATION

Is an indication of a disordered stomach, and if not attended to promptly will undermine your constitution and leave your system in a generally unhealthy condition, thus making you more susceptible to disease.

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NATURAL MINERAL LAXATIVE WATER

Is the best and safest Laxative for the Positive cure of CONSTIPATION. Taken immediately upon arising, its wonderful and satisfying effects will surprise you. Try it once and you will use no other Laxative. Be sure you ask for HUNYADI JANOS (full name). DON'T BE INDUCED to buy Substitutes. They are WORTHLESS and often HARMFUL. LABEL IS BLUE WITH RED CENTRE.

We Have Any Number of Articles Suitable for Wedding Gifts

such as Jewel Cases, Toilet Cases, Writing Folios, Wrist Bags, Purses, Card Cases, and in Traveling and Fitted Toilet Bag, we have an exceptionally fine display.



Fitted Toilet Bag, No. 964

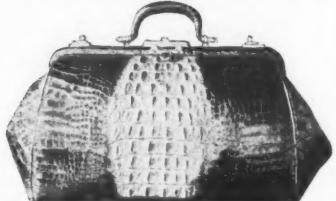
Real Cape Goat Morocco Leather, Sterling Top Bottles, Real Ivory Brushes.

\$30.00, \$35.00, \$40.00, \$45.00,

\$55.00, \$60.00, \$65.00.

Other prices \$15.00 to \$30.00—in all styles.

Our ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE S will enable those out of town to order satisfactorily. We prepay delivery charges.



Real Horn Back Alligator Traveling Bag

16 inch, \$15.00; 18 inch, \$16.00.

Other styles prices \$7.50, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$14.00,

\$18.00, \$21.00, \$25.00.

Anything You May Need For Traveling We Can Supply You.

The **JULIAN SALE**

Leather Goods Co., Limited

105 KING STREET WEST

Ye Old Firm of Heintzman & Co.

THE CECILIAN

The Peerless Piano-Player

The Cecilian, the most perfect of piano-players, is said by everyone who knows it to be the most complete and at the same time most simply constructed piano-player offered to the public to day.

A little child, without any knowledge whatever of music, can play upon this instrument without fatigue, and not only play simple pieces of music but the most difficult classical music published by the greatest musicians of the day.

In connection with this "Perfect" piano-player
—we have a very complete musical library,
enabling us to furnish purchasers with almost
any piece of music they are likely to select.

This instrument is on daily exhibition at the handsome ware-rooms of this old-established and well known firm, and is worthy a visit from every lover of beautiful music.

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EVEN IF YOU DO FORGET

To look after the fire—the IMPERIAL OXFORD RANGE has staying qualities that keep it going at lowest ebb for hours longer than you'd expect.

Then—only a touch to the drafts and in no time it is burning briskly, giving you a hot oven on shortest notice.

There's no question about the supreme popularity in Canada of the



Imperial Oxford Range

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Gurney Oxford Stove and Furnace Co.,
231 Yonge Street.
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H. Bailey & Sons, 1220 Yonge Street.
R. Presley, 123 Queen West.
Power Bros., 212 Queen West.
Oxford Stove Store, 569 Queen West.
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Geo. Hooper, 1868 Queen West.

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Social and Personal.

The ideal cottage and grounds of Mr. Thomas Davies, overlooking the lake at Victoria Park, was the scene of a very enjoyable gathering on Saturday afternoon last, the occasion being the picnic of St. James' Square Church choir. Notwithstanding the threatening weather, the choir was out in large numbers. The chief feature of the afternoon's entertainment was an exciting game of ball played on the

front lawn, in which the tenor and bass soloists vied with each other in making a success of their own side and in furnishing the most diversion for the whole party. During proceedings two of the party were missed. It was discovered that they had visited the course of the asin courses. A very delicious supper was served on the spacious verandah, which was prettily decorated with hunting and flags. Much credit is due the committee, especially Mr. T. Alexander Davies and Mr.

Chrystal Brown, for the able manner in which arrangements were accomplished.

Miss Daisy Smallpiece of Parkdale has returned home from a few weeks' visit to Boston.

Mrs. Arthur Wellington Draper of Chicago is visiting her mother, Mrs. Mills, of 343 Danforth avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George Harcourt Hunt have returned to the city and are now settled in their new home, 767 Euclid Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Richardson and family of 264 Dovercourt road have gone on tour through Manitoba, and intend to return by way of St. Paul and Chicago.

Major G. A. Stimson sailed for England by the "Tunisian." Mr. Beardmore of Chudleigh left last Saturday for England.

Mrs. R. J. Drummond of Perth came down for the Caldwell-Winnett wedding, and is visiting Mrs. J. H. Burns of Grosvenor street.

The engagement is announced of Miss Nellie Storey, daughter of Mr. Charles Storey, to Dr. Stanley T. Floyd, Toronto.

One of Toronto's fair visitors to Hamilton during race week was Mrs. W. A. Milligan, the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. F. Harper.

At St. Catharines on Saturday afternoon there was a large and fashionable gathering, on the occasion of the formal opening of the new club house of the Alexander Golf Club. The house is especially adapted for club purposes, possessing a cosy reception-room, with fireplace, two dressing-rooms, shower-bath and kitchen, the whole surrounded by a spacious verandah. The reception committee consisted of Mrs. Hellwell, Mrs. A. Woodward, Mrs. Crombie and Mrs. Campbell. The refreshments were in charge of Mrs. Neelon, Mrs. W. J. Robertson and Mrs. J. S. Campbell, assisted by the Misses Hellwell, Healy, Miller, Peterson, Gillett, Marquis and Lampman. An orchestra supplied delightful music continuously from four o'clock until 9.30. Over three hundred were present. Among the out-of-town guests were noticed those from Thorold, Buffalo, Toronto, Carleton Place, Montreal, Gilliwix, North Wales, and Calcutta, India. The members are to be congratulated upon the success of their entertainment, many pronouncing it the most enjoyable affair held in St. Catharines for some time.

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Births.

Gunn—May 3, Toronto, Mrs. Edmond Gunn, a daughter.
Pemberton—June 6, Harrie, Mrs. G. C. T. Pemberton, twins, son and daughter.
Colwell—June 5, Toronto, Mrs. Albert H. Colwell, a son.
Bald—June 6, Penetanguishene, Mrs. T. Bald, a daughter.
Connolly—May 25, Stevensville, Mrs. (Dr.) Connolly, a son.
Dallas—June 9, Toronto, Mrs. F. Dallas, a daughter.
Reid—June 6, Toronto, Mrs. T. A. Reid, a daughter.
Denton—June 8, Toronto, Mrs. J. H. Denton, a daughter.
Davis—June 1, Toronto, Mrs. C. H. Davis, a son.
Orre—June 1, Reidsville, N.C., Mrs. (Rev.) W. F. Orre, a daughter.
Rod—June 6, Windsor, Mrs. J. H. Rod, a daughter.
Maybee—June 9, Toronto, Mrs. J. Edward Maybee, a son.
Johnson—June 11, Toronto, Mrs. J. Albert Johnson, a daughter.

Mariages.

Goodwin—Wickham—June 4, Toronto, W. E. Goodwin to Lizzie Wickham.
Cameron—Hughes—May 31, Schomberg, Alexander Herbert Cameron to Emma Louise Hughes.
Nettfield—Clougher—June 5, Toronto, E. Bernard Nettfield to Edith H. B. Clougher.
MacInnes—Patterson—June 5, Toronto, Charles Stephen MacInnes to Rose Louise Patterson.
Goodrich—Anderson—June 4, Toronto, George Edgar Goodrich to Emilie Frances Patterson.
Guilness—Barlow—April 5, Toronto, A. Mortimer Guilness to Lily Maude Barlow.
Goodall—Anderson—May 11, New York, William Alanson Goodall, M.D., to Elizabeth Anderson.
Kendall—Boyer—June 4, Harriston, Augusta Kendall to Charlotte Olive Boyer.
Brittain—Myers—June 11, Toronto, Charles Brittain to Ethel Charlotte Myers.
Rutherford—Taylor—Chatham, Dr. J. W. Rutherford to Jessie Taylor.
Wesley E. McConnell to Mabel Win-

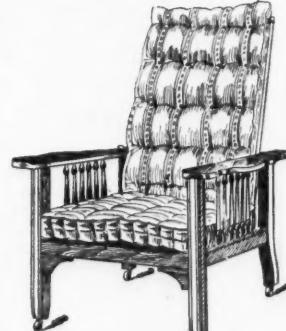


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No. 7 Morris Chair

Solid oak, with richly hand carved claw feet and griffin head arm supports, a very handsome chair, with hair stuffed cushions in corduroy or tapestry, net.....

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gard.
Robson—Paterson—May 24, Belleville, Frank W. Robson to Wilhelmina Munro Elizabeth Paterson.

Caledon—Winnett—June 4, Toronto, Alexander Clyde Caldwell to Ina Gordon Winnett.

Goodrich—Shorkey—June 10, Toronto, Edwina G. C. Sinclair to Lily Marie Shorkey.

Modestoff—June 10, Toronto, Rev. R. H. Modestoff to Little D. Collett.

Davis—Crane—June 19, Toronto, Harold Cuthbert Davis to Margaret Eleanor Crane.

Brittain—Myers—June 11, Toronto, Charles Brittain to Ethel Charlotte Myers.

Rutherford—Taylor—Chatham, Dr. J. W. Rutherford to Jessie Taylor.

Smith—Aykroyd—June 11, Toronto, James Frederic Smith to Minnie Aykroyd.

Deaths.

Johnston—June 5, Toronto, E. J. Johnston, aged 57.

Reid—June 5, Toronto, Alexander Reid, aged 50.

Friend—June 3, Toronto, Benjamin Friend.

Wilkie—June 7, Toronto, Mrs. Nellie Wilkie.

Emony—June 8, Toronto, George A. Emony, aged 74.

Pointon—June 10, Toronto, Mrs. Mary Pointon, aged 80.

McKellar—June 10, Toronto, Alexander McKellar, aged 43.

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